MORE CHRISTMAS BOOKS

THE NEW
STATESMAN AND NATION
The Week-end Review

Vol. XL. No. 1031 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1950 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

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The Way Out of World War

The American and British publics are only now beginning to realise the extent of the military crash in Korea. The Chinese have carried out their repeated warning that they would intervene if General MacArthur approached the Manchurian frontier; they have now driven a wedge between the United Nations forces, and cut off several divisions from their supply lines. On the military side the only doubt is whether the U.N. forces are to be evacuated or whether MacArthur will form a Tobruk in the Inchon-Seoul area in the hope of improving his bargaining power.

American and British reactions to these events are profoundly different. The British have been throughout cautious in their approach to the Korean problem; they wished to pay heed to the wise warning of Pandit Nehru about the danger of crossing the 38th Parallel. Disaster would have been avoided if, even after carrying out the United Nations objective of repelling the North Korean armies, China had been brought on to the Security Council and invited to co-operate in the settlement of Korea. In the event, however, the British were swept along with the impetuous American attack; they now find themselves deeply anxious about the fate of the ten thousand British soldiers who were put under the leadership of MacArthur. The British are also acutely aware, as the House of Commons last week showed, of the problems involved in the future, if any, of the Western Powers in Asia. America, on the other hand, which was keyed up to an almost mystical belief in the magical powers of General MacArthur, is still unable so speedily to absorb the devastating facts. Fantastic as it seems to us, we learn of Republican Senators and Congressmen even now wildly shouting for a declaration of war with China; they call for the bombing, or the atom-bombing, of Manchuria in spite of the cooling advice of their own military experts that to do so now would be tactically useless. This is to put the matter very mildly in view of the fact that America's troops are retreating in a disarray and that large numbers of Communist aircraft are reported to be on the Manchurian frontier ready for use. If American hotheads were to have their way, the result would be greatly to reduce the number of American and British troops whose lives could be saved. That another result would be to start a world war seems to be a point that does not interest the extremists of the Republican Party.

These facts are so obvious and so undeniable that it seems reasonable to hope that Mr. Truman and Mr. Attlee will agree in condemning the policy of starting war against China and in accepting the necessity of negotiation. Some American columnists will no doubt seek to blame Mr. Attlee and Britain if this sensible decision is reached. But it is not the British, but events which are dictating policy.

On the assumption that Mr. Truman and Mr. Acheson can withstand the Congressional demand wantonly to start a world war, the second question on the Washington agenda must be the basis for negotiations with the Chinese. There are signs that the Chinese are not intransigent. There have been remarkable examples in Korea of American prisoners being released by the Chinese Communists with instructions to return to their retreating units, since China did not want to kill Americans but merely to clear them out of Asian territory. Moreover, General Wu has accepted hospitality from Britain and other Powers which have recognised the Peking Government; it is possible that the Chinese may be willing to use the good offices of India and twelve other Asian Powers which have offered to mediate. The effect of China's victory is to turn the minds of the Middle East as well as of S.E. Asia towards neutrality.

What terms could the Chinese Communists be expected to accept? Clearly they will not negotiate with America except on terms of equality. Nearly a year has passed since Britain and many other countries ceased to treat them as bandits and accepted their position as the Government of the whole of continental China. There seems no reason why Mao Tse-tung should negotiate on any other terms than those of parity. He will certainly insist on full recognition and on the acceptance of China as a full member of the United Nations. He will also demand the withdrawal of the United States from its position of self-styled protector of Formosa—an island which, according to America's own official statement, rightly belongs to China and which has been used, since the defeat of the Kuomintang, as a centre of intrigue by the Chiang Kai-shek clique. General MacArthur's visit there and the flow of supplies from America to Chiang Kai-shek, recently renewed, have only added weight to Mao Tse-tung's declaration that Formosa had, in 1950, to be formally brought under Chinese sovereignty. The Chinese will also demand a full share in the settlement and rehabilitation of Korea.

It is enough to state these terms to see the dilemma of the United Nations. If these are the minimum demands to be expected from the victorious Chinese, they appear to be more than the maximum which could be hoped from the United States in its present mood. The first objective must, therefore, be to gain time and prevent the militarists plunging us into a world war. That means a Cease-Fire, and the immediate opening of local negotiations. The large issues are probably better discussed in terms of the wider range of the proposed Four-Power talks. The future of Korea is only part of a general settlement of the Far East, including the Japanese Treaty which as many of us have long urged, should be negotiated by all the Pacific Powers. The first step towards dealing with the appallingly dangerous problems that follow from the United Nations defeat in Korea is probably to put the Far East first on the agenda for the Four-Power conference now under discussion in Paris. It is regrettable that American pressure seems to be resulting in a decision to recruit and arm "independent brigade groups" in Western Germany even before the Conference meets.

Armaments and Raw Materials

The talks between President Truman and Mr. Attlee have naturally included also the critical question of the scarcities of raw material supplies which have developed, since the beginning of the Korea affair, as a result of hoarding and panicky or speculative buying. The Council of O.E.E.C. has now issued a set of recommendations to member countries, urging them to make special efforts both to increase production of commodities, such as coal, coke, iron ore and pulp, in whose case output within the Marshall Plan area is an important world factor, and also to promote a more effective utilisation and recovery of such things as ferrous scrap and waste paper. It is clear, however, that none of these proposals is adequate to cope with the problem: raw material shortage cannot be overcome by planning within the confines of Europe alone.

The most threatening scarcities relate to three groups—wool and cotton, sulphur and pulp, and the non-ferrous metals—zinc, nickel, copper and lead. Not only does the recent "strategic" curtailment by the United States of cotton exports confront Lancashire with the risk of unemployment; even though there is talk in Washington of restricting the consumption by factories of metals and sulphur, the root of the trouble lies in U.S. stock-piling for war purposes. So long as American buying goes on at the present rate, it is useless for O.E.E.C. to expect the overseas members of the sterling area to pay much heed to pleas for allocations of materials in Europe's favour. Whether it will prove possible to revive, in the case of a short list of absolutely vital materials, something on the lines of the war-time Combined Resources Board depends doubtless on the rate of American progress towards a completely regimented "ready for war" economy.

There are elements in Washington who would advocate that American stock-piling should be a first priority, and that allocations of materials to Europe should take the form of shipments from U.S. stocks, consigned specifically, under American supervision, to European munition plants. Such a scheme would be quite unacceptable on this side of the Atlantic. Armed strength for the Atlantic Pact cannot be secured at the cost of unemployment and civilian industries ruined by raw material shortages in Western Europe. If it is not made adequately plain by Sir Edwin Plowden, we trust that this point will be rubbed in by the O.E.E.C. Mission which is following in Mr. Attlee's tracks.

The Schuman Plan Drags On

Seven months after M. Schuman mooted his proposals for the pooling of West European coal and steel resources, the negotiating Governments are reported to be at last approaching agreement. The delegate committee in Paris has had to pick its careful way through many conflicting interests; the greatest obstacle to agreement, no doubt, has been the fact that the proposals were put forward at a time of coal and steel surplus but have had to meet, since rearmament, a shortage in both commodities. West German financial newspapers—well-informed all through these negotiations by convenient leakages from Paris—were saying only a few days ago that all the big difficulties were now overcome, and that a treaty of 70 Articles would be ready for approval by a committee of Ministers early in December.

Last minute objections, however, come from both the Belgians and Italians. What seems to have happened is that the Germans and the French—the two big producers in the proposed agreement—have long since reached a *modus vivendi* convenient to themselves, and are now engaged in "pressuring" their weaker partners. The Belgians, for instance, are being asked to reduce by five million tons the production from their high-cost pits, but are apparently unwilling to agree to a reduction of more than one million tons. On their side, the Italians have asked for the inclusion in the "Schuman Plan area" of at least Algeria and preferably of the whole of North Africa, since it is from these territories that Italy takes her supplies of ore. If North Africa were not to be included in the Plan, how could Italy be sure of access to ore at "Schuman Plan" prices? Although Algeria is a Department of metropolitan France, the French are sticking to their refusal to allow the territory to be included within the jurisdiction of the Plan; they are now hinting that they are prepared to afford Italy preferential treatment there. The slowness of these negotiations, which can scarcely be concluded this year, is in somewhat striking contrast with the speed at which M. Schuman tried to rush through the original proposal, and to carry British consent almost overnight.

Fuel and Power

If he is wise, the Minister of Fuel and Power will not encourage the public to place too much reliance on the miners' response to his appeal for more extensive Saturday shifts. True, last Saturday, with 606 pits open—229 more than on the previous Saturday—output reached about 270,000 tons. This was 40,000 tons higher than the Saturday output at the corresponding date last year, but total production for the week was still below the output at the beginning of last December. December always shows a rise in output, as the miners naturally want to make money to carry them over Christmas. It is only when the "bull weeks" come to an end after the holidays that it will be possible to judge how much is being gained by Saturday working. It is an uneconomic way of increasing output, and may, in the long run, react adversely on effort during the rest of the week. Certainly this device is no substitute for more effective steps to check the decline in manpower and to speed up capital investment in the long-term reconstruction plan.

That further capital investment is needed also in the field of electric power is made plain by the latest report, issued this week, by the British Electricity Authority. Lord Citrine and his colleagues give a depressing picture of prospects unless the present programmes for new generating plant can be speedily increased. Unless capacity is expanded by at least 1.8 Mn. kw. annually, "it will be many years . . . before full supplies can be given at all times." Moreover, apart from generation, the authority is emphatic that the present rate of capital expenditure approved is insufficient to meet the industry's needs. There could not be clearer proof of the insanity, for this country, of giving over-riding priority to expenditure on armaments.

Mystery Resignation

Coming so soon after the publication of the Coal Board's long-awaited ten-year production plan, the abrupt resignation of Sir Eric Young, the Board Member in charge of production, naturally caused widespread speculation as to its cause. Mr. Noel-Baker's replies to questions in the House did nothing to clear up the mystery. If, as he said, there was no question of any "difference of opinion about the present policy or the present constitution" of the N.C.B., why did Sir Eric decide to quit? It is true that the Meco-Moore coal-cutter, with whose pioneering development work he was associated both before and after his appointment to the Board, has not proved to be as much of a panacea for production troubles as was hoped by those who, like Sir Eric, pressed for its more extensive use; but this hardly seems an adequate explanation for his departure, nor is there any evidence that the Ministry was dissatisfied with the ten-year plan. His successor seems likely to be Mr. E. H. Browne, his lieutenant in the Production Department. Unfortunately, neither he nor Sir Eric (whose previous experience had been confined to a group of rich Midland pits, with no labour problems) seems to have been very successful in winning the confidence of the miners, who credit them both, however unfairly, with determination to "save costs at all costs." Geoffrey Lloyd certainly put his finger on a very weak spot in the present set-up of the Board when he drew the Minister's attention to the lack, at present, of any mining engineer in its membership. What the Board needs urgently is leadership which will inspire contact with the miners at pit committee level.

The Durham Imbroglio

The attempt of the Durham County Council to insist on all its employees belonging to a trade union or professional association was plainly ill-advised. Professional workers, though they are often ready enough to seek a monopoly of employment for those holding particular professional qualifications, are very touchy about any insistence that they shall belong to an association as a condition of employment. Manual workers often take a different view, because they feel that those who profit by the results of collective bargaining are "blacklegging" unless they also bear their share in its costs. Professional workers for the most part do not regard collective bargaining as the primary purpose of their associations, and in many cases dislike being reminded that these do act as trade unions on their behalf. This being so, any attempt by an employer—and above all by an employing body under Labour control—to enforce membership is bound to stir up trouble, and can yield no benefits to make the trouble worth provoking. In the present instance the Minister of Health has no power to order the County Council to withdraw its order, but he is quite right in expressing disapproval of it. The only cases in which compulsory trade unionism is justified are those in which a body of workers, already almost completely organised, feels so strongly against working side by side with non-unionists that good industrial relations become impossible without 100 per cent. membership. There is no evidence that any such feeling exists among the professional employees of the Durham County Council: indeed, there is strong evidence that it does not. The Council's re-affirmation of its policy was unwise.

Landlord and Tenant

The Leasehold Property Bill, which has had its Second Reading, is a good example of petty temporising with a big problem. During the next two years, tenants of shops whose leases expire may apply to the County Court for an extension of their tenancy on a yearly basis, without alteration of rent; and the Court may extend the tenancy unless the landlord can show that the shopkeeper has not been a responsible tenant, that he has been offered alternative accommodation, that the premises are to be demolished or reconstructed, or that an extension would cause "greater hardship" than its refusal. In the case of residential property, all occupiers of dwellings whose leases (of twenty-one years and over) expire during the next two years are to have the leases extended to the end of the two-year period—again without alteration of rent. This will at least shelve the acute problem which would otherwise be raised—particularly in South Wales—by the imminent expiry of a large number of leases relating mainly to small properties; but there is still no indication that the Government is prepared to tackle seriously the general question of leasehold enfranchisement. All that the Bill does is to add one more piece of temporary protection to the present patchwork of rent restriction and other property legislation on the Statute Book. Even in the case of shop properties, the Bill opens up a vista of costly litigation.

Moch and After

Our Paris correspondent writes: By refusing to accept M. Pleven's resignation after the implicit vote of censure passed, on Communist initiative, by the National Assembly, on M. Moch, the Minister of Defence, President Auriol spared France a Government crisis that would have come at the worst possible moment. The vote—235 against M. Moch and 203 for him—was, in itself, insufficient for sending him up for trial before the Parliamentary Supreme Court, since, constitutionally, an absolute majority of 286 votes is required before such a grave step can be taken. This enabled M. Auriol to consider the incident as "closed"—a view subsequently confirmed by a vote of confidence in the Government's favour.

It is not easy to weigh up the rights and wrongs of the case: the *affaire des généraux*, centring round the leakage of a confidential report on Indo-China, is so full of *indochinoiseries* that it is hard to say whether M. Moch, as Minister of the Interior at the time, was in any way to blame for such hushing-up as took place. If any hushing-up was done "in the national interest," it is clear from what emerged that he was not the only one responsible; at least three other prominent names were mentioned in the same connection. Why then did the Communists choose to turn all their guns on M. Moch? And, more curious still, why did at least fifty non-Communist deputies support the Communist manœuvre?

M. Moch is, of course, the *bête noire* of the C.P. He has been called the "strong man," the "Noske of France," the "Number One Strike-breaker." But who were the other 50 who joined the Communists? Roughly half of them were De Gaullists, who have, for months, been sniping at the Socialist Party and who, by "shooting" Moch, thought they might dislocate the Pleven majority by driving the Socialists into opposition. But the other 25 were, nominally, Government supporters. Some were, clearly, motivated by the same desire as the De Gaullists; some were simply M. Moch's personal enemies—for to many his authoritarian manner is highly unsympathetic; and, finally, despite the protestations of innocence from M. de Menthon, the M.R.P. leader, there may well have been a few friends of M. Schuman who perhaps thought they were doing the Foreign Minister a good turn by helping to discredit the man who was beginning to symbolise, fairly successfully, France's resistance to German rearmament.

The suggestion made in some British papers that the anti-Moch vote was significant of a strong feeling in France against the man who was "being rude to the Americans" is completely absurd: the one thing that was beginning to make Moch popular, and was threatening to win for the Socialists a lot of Communist votes was precisely that. Internally, the Communist manœuvre against Moch was perfectly intelligible; internationally, it makes little sense. For although "the incident is closed," the influence of both Moch and of the French Socialist Party has, internationally, been weakened as a result.

For the present, little is known of the exact nature of M. Pleven's and M. Schuman's talks with the British Government just before Mr. Attlee's departure for Washington, except that there is general agreement with the British policy of "caution" in Korea. But whether the French are willing to recognise the Peking Government and press for its admission to Uno depends on what happens in Indo-China. There is, however, one significant theme which kept recurring in the French press during the Pleven visit to London: and it is the question whether the adoption of a more moderate American policy in the Far East would not have to be paid for by a greater French readiness to agree to substantial German rearmament. In the circumstances the French would, naturally, have preferred to be included in the Attlee-Truman talks, but they no doubt realise that this might have detracted from the psychological value of Mr. Attlee's dramatic "man to man" mission.

PARLIAMENT: Drama in the Wings

Wednesday.

From the frolic of the Sunday Opening debate the House turned to discuss Foreign Affairs with a dark foreboding. Out of many good speeches the Press chose to headline Churchill's. "The Voice," said the *Sunday Express*, "is heard again." Comparison with Mr. Sinatra was inevitable, though undoubtedly the intention was complimentary. Mr. Churchill's was not a great speech, but its support of the Premier at the moment was of immense importance. This was true, in spite of a certain ambiguity of tone—rather like a dog growling fiercely and wagging its tail. Full at first of threatenings and slaughter, it suddenly swung round to urge the Government to reach agreement with the East before the Twilight of the Gods, even to some criticism of MacArthur's policy while "being very careful not to indulge in criticism" of America. So much can language do in the mouth of a master.

The change of heart was not by primary revelation: Eden had made the point the day before and Salisbury a week earlier. So the Opposition Front Bench was agreed. The Tory back-benchers, however, could not follow the Leader in this intricate game of change-about; they sat glum, while Labour members cheered the new-found statesmanship. Mr. Churchill beamed with the pleasure of one who has been right all along, and the façade of unity in foreign affairs was preserved.

The real drama, however, was played in the wings. When the tape carried news that Mr. Truman had said that "the use of the atom bomb was under active consideration," the Chamber remained deceptively calm; the lobbies became a ferment. Swiftly a letter of protest addressed to the Prime Minister went round the House. In a few hours it was delivered. With seventy, a hundred, or two hundred names on it? The answer depends on which newspaper you read. Within an hour of its delivery the private letter itself was "running" on the tape, though no one could be found who "leaked." In turn, it became believed that formal groups, even Ministerial groups, had met, and conveyed their views to Mr. Attlee—and some of them, by courtesy, to the Foreign Secretary.

Even the news that part of the Truman story had been denied did not still the storm: if it were not true to-day, it might be to-morrow. The excitement seeped through at last to the Chamber. When the Prime Minister rose he revealed once more that, undemonstrative as he is, he has his finger on the nation's pulse. Without histrionics, he told of the patient restraint the Government had sought to exercise over America, and undramatically gave a packed House the dramatic *dénouement* for which it had been prepared: he had invited himself to Washington, and would go as soon as the President agreed. The House cheered; even the gallery sighed relief. Members felt free to return to the burying of the Sunday Opening Bill. Its obsequies would have been more seemly if death had been due, as someone said, to a "hot religious heart, rather than cold political feet."

TOM WILLIAMS

Positions of Strength?

It would be a grave mistake either to attribute the collapse in Korea to the *hubris* of a single American general or to imagine that the dismissal of MacArthur could redress the situation. What has fallen to pieces in the course of a few days is not merely the strategy of one campaign but the whole edifice of American foreign policy summed up in the two phrases "the military containment of Communism" and "negotiations only from positions of strength." A spectacular defeat, which imperils our whole position throughout the Far East, has been necessary to prove the correctness of the Socialist warnings that this policy was a façade which could only lead to sheer disaster. The U.S.A. is learning the hard way, and it remains to be seen if Mr. Truman in his talks with Mr. Attlee has drawn the right conclusion from this terrible lesson.

First, however, let us see how we reached this plight. The Korean campaign began as a United Nations police action whose only object was to prevent a general war by crushing a minor act of local aggression. Our aim last July was not to demonstrate to China and Russia our overwhelming military strength, but, as in the case of the Berlin air-lift, to show that diplomacy by duress does not pay. In this way it was hoped that a situation would be created in which a negotiated settlement of the Korean issue could be achieved. Gradually, however, during this autumn this moderate Anglo-American aim was swollen and distorted into the presumptuous objective of "containing" Chinese Communism by military force. Instead of seeking a situation in Korea which would enable us to negotiate on equal terms with the Chinese and the Russians, the Americans became dizzy with success and began, under the influence of the MacArthur-McCarthy school, to dream of enforcing an unconditional surrender of their opponents in the cold Pacific war. For this purpose, both the Pentagon and the State Department decided to throw the whole effective armed strength of the U.S.A (apart from the two divisions in Germany) into a remote Asiatic peninsula sixteen thousand miles from the main American bases. What began as United Nations resistance to aggression ended as an insane American gamble in the diplomacy of power politics. The gamble has failed, and we are now compelled either to start a world war or to negotiate our way out of a position of calamitous weakness.

Not unnaturally there is talk of a Far Eastern "Munich." Those who obstinately equate Soviet Communism with Nazism are bound to draw this politically illiterate parallel, and in so doing to blind themselves to the real dangers with which we are faced. If only Stalin *were* merely another Hitler bent on military domination and arousing passionate patriotic resistance wherever his armies move! If only Communism were nothing more significant than the bogus ideology with which the Nazis unsuccessfully tried to cloak their aims of German domination and German exploitation! One of the delusions which has led us in to this crisis is the idea that we can achieve the right policy in the 1950s merely by doing the opposite of the appeasement which dragged us down in the 1930s. This idea, first proclaimed at Fulton by Mr. Churchill, is the prime cause from which MacArthurism and MacArthur's own disastrous strategy springs. If we continue to base our policy upon it, the best we can now hope for is to patch up a humiliating Far Eastern "Munich" and to achieve a breathing space for rearmament before World War III comes upon us.

To break this fatal chain of cause and effect, we must stop recriminations about the past and conduct an inquest on our own delusions. The military containment of National Socialist Germany was physically possible, first, because the non-Nazi world was amply strong enough to build an iron girdle round Germany, and, secondly, because National Socialism was not a liberative or revolutionary force in any part of the world. Today the non-Communist Powers may have the physical strength to smash Russia in a world war—though even this is extremely doubtful; but they certainly cannot outmatch the Eastern bloc in a rearmament race without causing the war they are trying to prevent. No democratic Power, least of all America, can sustain the weight of rearmament now proposed to Congress for more than a couple of years without succumbing to irresistible pressure for getting the war over. And directly a war starts, as the Korean disaster has amply displayed, the whole idea of a world-wide military containment of Communism is exposed as a puerile, logistical myth. If most of the American army has been thrown into Korea and succumbed, what chance is there of providing sufficient divisions to contain Communism all over the world?

In the second place, by concentrating on rearmament as the instrument for combating Communism, the Americans overlook the glaring fact that Communism wins its main victories by exploiting the economic and social weaknesses of its victims. Wholesale rearmament, and the concomitant diplomacy by military duress, so far from creating positions of strength is already creating positions of increasing weakness throughout the Western world. If, as the result of the Korean disaster, the decision is taken to accelerate rearmament still further and to concentrate in particular on building up the armed strength of Western Europe, the results can be foretold with mathematical certainty. The social structure of every member of Western Union will be submitted to intolerable strain under the inflation caused by American purchases of raw materials and by the steady reduction of the standard of living. Simultaneously, the rearmament of Germany, achievable only by submitting to any and every German demand, will demoralise Germany's neighbours and surrender power in Bonn to the extreme Nationalists. After two or three years some German general, playing the role of a European MacArthur, will then begin the march on Koenigsberg, under the guise of United Nations action to crush aggression; and the military façade will collapse with the same insane inevitability as it has in the Far East.

The lesson of Korea, indeed, is a very simple one. The attempt to impose our will on the Communist world by military strength can only lead to the collapse of Western democracy. The only effective instrument for combating Communism so far invented by the Western world was Marshall Aid, which, in countries capable of making wise use of it, did in part deal with the causes of Communism, the social and economic strains in Western economy and the demoralisation which accompanies them. The defeat imposed gratuitously upon us by General MacArthur—and by all those in Washington and London who condoned his policies until it was too late—can be turned to good account if it induces the Atlantic Powers to halt before it is too late the panic rearmament which they have undertaken, to accept in defeat the *fait accompli* of Chinese Communism, which we could have accepted with honour a year ago, and to turn all our energies back to the task which Mr. Marshall set us in his Harvard speech. If it makes us realise that a position of strength means a position of *economic and social* strength, and that military containment is a sheer delusion, the bitter humiliation through which the Western Powers must now pass will have been worth while.

The Broken Spectrum

Two years ago, when I sailed from New York, President Truman had just won his striking victory and was preparing to shift his fight for the Fair Deal from the hustings to Capitol Hill. Two weeks ago, as I watched the Manhattan skyline drop away, they were setting the stage at Lake Success for the arrival of the Chinese delegation; Senator Taft was jubilantly holding a press conference to assert his mastery of the Republican caucus; and the Fair Deal seemed almost as remote as the Wallace campaign.

These two years, in the United States, have been years of a fantastic prosperity, of the two Hiss trials, of McCarthy and then MacArthur, of Korea and the McCarran Act, and years in which the Republicans, though officially in opposition, have been calling a great many of the tunes to which the Administration has had to dance. On domestic issues, aided by allies in the Democratic camp, they have been able to block most of the Fair Deal programme. Helped by a boom in armaments, building and personal consumption, which has put money in most pockets and reduced unemployment to a point where labour shortages are reappearing, the Republicans have had little difficulty in shifting the emphasis of U.S. politics away from the social reform controversy of 1948 to a Communist phobia which now pervades every facet of American life. Similarly, they have increasingly made the running in foreign policy by using the twin taunts of "appeasement" and "pro-Communism" as means to force a substantial part of their policy upon the Democrats and to restrict the Administration's freedom of manœuvre. Since July 25, especially, the reactionary wing of each party—backed by an avalanche of press and radio comment that virtually excludes reasoned discussion of alternative policies—has seized the initiative.

The methods employed have varied with the objective. The McCarthy scandal not only yielded excellent electoral dividends in several key States: it also helped to intimidate civil servants and policy makers in offices far from the State Department. The McCarran Act, bad though it is, seems less frightening than the mad stampede of Representatives and Senators, many of whom freely admit that they never read the text, to capitulate to the hysteria in which it was passed. In the universities, pressure was climaxed by the dismissal or forced resignation of a large number of faculty members from the University of California for their refusal to sign a humiliating and unnecessary oath. Such books as *Red Channels*, which list entertainers, writers and broadcasters with alleged Communist connections in the past or present, have a wide public circulation and are used by radio stations and lecture organisations as works of reference to find who shall go on their blacklists. Compiled by former employees of the F.B.I., who are now using their experience to set up on their own account, such books have been shown to be full of inaccuracies and libels. But they serve their purpose, just as the picketing of *Death of a Salesman* by the American Legion in Peoria, Illinois, because of the supposed politics of its author, served to empty the theatre. The drive for conformity with "true Americanism" is intensified: properly to qualify, the citizen would need a purity certificate from the Un-American Committee, the National Association of Manufacturers and the Hearst newspapers. Among those unable to qualify, fear of the informer strikes restraint even into private conversation.

The consequences of all this are plain. Though the hard core of American reaction is numerically small, its voice is loud and dominant. It is heard through many agencies—the various veterans' organisations are a good example—which echo its policies and funnel out its propaganda to the public at large. It can create a political climate hostile to reasoned controversy or criticism because both press and radio are for the most part directed by its sympathisers. There are few Americans apart from the residents of some big cities and the comparatively small group of college teachers and intellectuals —the kind of people who read the *Nation* or *New Republic*—who to-day have much chance to read or hear dissenting opinions.

Is it surprising, then, that part of the political spectrum has been dissolved? It runs in more or less normal fashion from Right to Centre. But to the Left of Centre it breaks into confusion. The Democratic Party, as the election campaign revealed, is hesitant and incoherent, lacking a positive direction, reluctant to swallow the Republican policy whole, but driven to consume it piecemeal for fear that it will be cracked between the G.O.P. hammer and the electoral anvil. So long as anti-Communism remains the sixty-four dollar question in U.S. politics, the bulk of the Democratic Party is committed to arguing about the price rather than the principle.

The same is true of most American liberals. Convinced that they must support American resistance to aggression, and all that this implies in domestic and foreign affairs, they differ from the Administration's position to much the same degree, on the Left, as the Republicans differ on the Right. They are uneasy about German rearmament, about loans to Franco or the restoration of ambassadors to Madrid, about the political role of General MacArthur or about the more ludicrous and dangerous extensions of Red-baiting, just as the diehards on Capitol Hill ardently advocate such causes. Some of them argue optimistically that the good sense of the American people will eventually check the Red-hunt and permit the Administration to resume a more "flexible" foreign policy. I can see few signs of any such reversal of opinion. So long as the world situation deteriorates, American liberals will become progressively less influential and more isolated; fragmented as they are, they can at best only fight rearguard actions. The trade unions are the only organised group of importance, Left of Centre, and they have fought—especially the C.I.O. unions—such a bitter war against Communist factions in their own ranks and against the handful of unions still under Communist control that, in their success, they too have run with the prevailing wind.

The upshot is that the anti-Communist campaign is achieving its main objective. The reasons which prompt a union leader or a liberal politician to be anti-Communist may be different from those which inspire Senator McCarthy or the U.S. Chamber of Commerce. But the reasons are really immaterial to the result. When constructive criticism or even informed discussion is liable to be held near-treason and pro-Communism—*vide* the Lattimore case—and when the groups which might offer such criticism are driven on the defensive, it is hard to formulate opposition to the Republican line, or to reach the public with alternative policies. The tribulations of Dean Acheson himself, during recent months, bear witness to the difficulty.

This is the setting within which U.S. policy must now be framed. Yet one important issue of policy continues to divide the Administration from its Republican critics; it is not the issue of peace or war but the relative priority of Europe and Asia for American strategy. Senator Taft, calling for a "re-examination" of Dean Acheson's policies, is anxious, in particular, to review America's defence commitments in Europe; and "review," in this context, means scaling down. Some of his colleagues go further. Senator Knowland, on a fraternal visit to Formosa, has been making renewed appeals for the U.S. to let Europe go hang and to come on over and help Chiang liberate China, and the Senators who speak, generally, for the China Lobby were also the most outspoken critics of the credits for Tito. In short, the old Pacific-Atlantic feud in American policy has broken out with renewed violence. The Administration has until now been far more apprehensive about Europe than about Asia—an emphasis which moved the Chiang supporters to their angry attacks on Mr. Acheson. Korea forced a partial reversal, though the unwillingness of the President and Mr. Acheson to throw Europe overboard and launch the demanded crusade in Asia, on the demanded scale, has so far been the one real block on which Senators Knowland, Jenner, Bridges, Capehart and their colleagues have stubbed their toes. But neither the realities of geography nor of the mobilisation programme seem to impress them. They are, as they have been, against spending more money on European defence or economic aid, against the liberal trade policies of the Gray Report, against any effort by the Administration to conciliate America's allies in the Atlantic Pact.

The events of the last two weeks have shown how little the President has at hand to fight them, so long as he feels obliged to accept so many of their premises. His only strong card is the claim that his policies are more effectively anti-Communist than the recklessness of his critics, and he has been unable to play that card without continually raising the ante, both in domestic and foreign affairs. For some time, this has been the cardinal danger in U.S. politics. Each step that the Administration has been forced to take has made it psychologically and physically more difficult for America to stop and discuss any kind of settlement. Where are the effective counter-pressures, internally, to the groups which can only envisage the alternatives —dictated settlement or war? This week, even Senator Morse, one of the most moderate Republicans, has felt obliged to come forward with a demand for the use of the atom bomb if military disaster overtakes the army in Korea. Mr. Attlee's mission serves to highlight the responsibility of America's allies. If they are unable to take a firm stand against the drift of American policy—and thereby restore some freedom of action to the moderate and rational party—there is no other resource to which the President or anyone else in the United States could turn for help. The Left half of the American spectrum has virtually disappeared. What remains of the Left looks, as I was told again and again, almost pathetically, to Britain.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

London Diary

AT any other time the case of Gunther Stein would have hit the headlines. He first came here as a refugee from the Nazis, became a regular correspondent for papers as respectable as the *News Chronicle* and *Spectator*, went to Tokio and warned the world, in two books and many articles, of the dangers of Japan's war plans. He was expelled from Japan in 1937, became a British citizen in Hong Kong in 1941 and spent much of the war in Chungking, visiting Yenan in 1944. He has recently lived in Paris as European correspondent of the *Hindustan Times*. According to his own story he was last week arrested in his flat at 8.30 in the morning by officers of the *Sûreté* who, in passing him over to the British immigration authorities, stated that they made no charge against him. The explanation seems to be that in February, 1949, the American War Department published an account of a Soviet spy ring, organised in Tokio by Richard Sorge, at that time Japanese correspondent of the official Nazi news agency. The account was based on Japanese police records and there is no doubt that this ring existed and helped the Allied cause during the war by passing on military information to the Soviet Union. According to the War Department, the late Agnes Smedley and Gunther Stein were members of this ring. Both denied the charge; it was suggested that their real crime had been to write favourably of the Chinese Communists and to expose American policy in China. It seemed until now that this particular controversy was ended by the *New York Times* saying that the charges against the two journalists were "unsubstantiated" and that the only result of publishing the document "was to cast suspicion on two writers, with whose expressed view the Army and many others agreed and to stimulate suspicion of all Americans of their neighbours." The War Department withdrew the document and apologised. The oddest part of the story is that when Stein was arrested in France last week, French detectives, he says, assured him that the expulsion order would be withdrawn if he admitted these unsubstantiated and officially regretted charges of espionage!

* * *

Lord Rutherford, author (as much or more than anyone) of the Atomic Age, died in 1937. He left £7,500, of which part was a legacy from his father, a working flax-farmer in South Island, New Zealand. The first atomic bomb, a culmination of his life's work which he never foresaw and which would have horrified him, cost £500,000,000. Thousands of millions more have been sunk in nuclear developments, and research has become so costly and so far removed from the "string-and-sealing-wax" traditions of the Cavendish Laboratory, where it all began, that American scientists have invented a new monetary unit, the "megabuck"—a million dollars—in which to express the price of their new instruments.

A friend has been recalling how he and an American big shot were being shown round the Cavendish by Rutherford. In a dim corner was a figure solemnly turning a bicycle pedal, the chain of which was driving some sort of dynamo. "By the way, Prof," the figure said, "when am I getting that electric motor?" "Any day now," Rutherford assured him, "I think we can get the money . . ." As they moved on, Rutherford said: "You know who that was—Aston, the Nobel Prizewinner." The American was shocked. A Nobel Prizewinner churning a pedal for want of a fifty buck motor! Instinctively he reached for his wallet, but thought better of it. "No," he whispered to my friend, "I guess that'd spoil it. There's a spirit that money can't buy."

The Royal Society have recognised that spirit in the memorial they are planning for Rutherford. They are not asking for a megabuck (or any bucks) but for £100,000 to be raised here and to go mainly into fellowships.

* * *

From Brussels the "Congress for Cultural Freedom" last week issued a challenge to the "Partisans of Peace" to debate war and peace "under free and equal conditions on both sides of the Iron Curtain." It is also planned to set up a permanent Paris headquarters and publication centre for a rapidly increasing membership and to gather financial support for a "Fund for Intellectual Freedom" to help refugee writers from dictatorship countries. This fund was jointly started off in America by Graham Greene, John dos Passos, James Farrell. Aldous Huxley and Arthur Koestler. Again, though the Communist threat in Europe overshadowed the Congress (one German Congress member, Alfred Weiland, had since June been kidnapped by Communists in Berlin) the delegates also heard James Burnham speak out against illiberalism at American Universities, and an impressive warning by Professor German Arciniegas about the steady suppression of intellectual freedom in Latin America.

A friend who was present remarks that the best *raison d'être* of the Congress lay in the feeling of the assembled European and American intellectuals that, just as war was too serious to be left to generals, so the fight against Communist "doublethink" was too important to be entrusted to professional anti-Communists.

* * *

Readers with particularly good memories may recall some discussion in this journal last year of the Piddington act on the B.B.C. The editor, who had been called in as a "judge," argued that the B.B.C. should not pretend that an excellent conjuring entertainment was really an inquiry into telepathy. Shortly afterwards (August 27th, 1949) Mr. Hunter Diack contributed an article to this journal in which he described what he believed to be a genuine case of telepathy. Two airmen named Scathard and Stephenson began in 1945 to entertain their R.A.F. colleagues with a telepathy performance during the winter evenings in the billets. The performance was impressive. Scathard would wander round the audience asking people to select playing cards, show coins from their pockets or write down their birthday or favourite colour. Scathard did not speak and seemed not to make any sign to his partner, who kept his back turned and gave the correct answers, even, apparently, managing to "read" the word "Manchester" which had been gratuitously added to his written reply by a member of the audience.

I have now received a letter from Mr. Denys Parsons of 6, The Vale, N.W.11, who writes to say that he had a lot of fun following up this story on behalf of the Society for Psychical Research. After being told officially three times by the R.A.F. Records Office at Gloucester that they could not trace Mr. Scathard, he finally found Mr. Stephenson by the simple method of writing to all the Stephensons and Stevensons who lived in the area of Beckenham where Mr. Diack believed that the original Stephenson lived. He met the right Stephenson, who immediately admitted that his act with Scathard had been based on a code. Like the author of the *Road to Endor*, he and his confederate had stumbled on an immense success; they shrank from the embarrassment of undeceiving their superior officers. Scathard and Stephenson were able to sustain their telepathy act under repeated tests by superior officers and by a visiting Oxford psychologist. By way of explanation, Mr. Parsons points out that the art of the conjuror is to deceive, and that if he does not deceive then he is a poor conjuror.

Television is now one of the greatest obstacles to world peace. I'm told, for instance, that during Security Council discussions Senator Austin is actually told at intervals "how he is doing" from the point of view of the T.V. viewer. What the world now needs is an open Covenant secretly arrived at.

CRITIC

ON THE NILE

When the Speech from Egypt's Throne
In a most ungracious tone
Says that Britons in the Zone the land defile,
When by royal proclamation
Cairo spurns negotiation
And demands evacuation of the Nile,

Great Britain hears the fiat
With no tremor of disquiet,
Nor can rumours of a riot stir her bile;
Though her *congé* is emphatic,
Though demands are autocratic,
Her approach is diplomatic on the Nile.

When Egyptians tell their woes,
Claim the millions that she owes,
And in sterling deals expose Great Britain's guile,
When the Pashas it incenses
That she has not paid expenses
Incurred in the defences of the Nile,

With most polite regret
She hints that they forget
How Egypt from her debt has made a pile;
Though her tokens may be slighted,
And her exports unrequited,
She by Treaty was invited to the Nile.

When Egyptians fret and fume
At their lack of elbow-room,
When her presence in Khartoum they revile,
With unimpaired affection
She withholds combined protection,
Pending Sudanese election, of the Nile.

All Egypt's discontent
She labours to prevent
And, by mutual consent, to reconcile,
She of friendship is desirous,
But a snake-in-the-papyrus
Is scattering its virus by the Nile.

So many a time and oft
To mud-slinging by the Wafd
She returns the answer soft, with a smile.
Though Egypt is pugnacious,
Great Britain's perspicacious,
And ten times more sagacious than the serpent
of Old Nile.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

The judge said the spirits, according to Mrs. ——, advised respondent not to have any children. They also induced him to pull his wife by the hair violently from a chair, and subject her to other forms of humiliation.—*Daily Telegraph.* (B. Garth.)

The slow-motion knee flare and mermaid kick, two of the main features of spring dresses, are hardly calculated to help the authorities deal with the 120,000 daily visitors to the South Bank Exhibition.—*Daily Telegraph.* (Z. Wilmshurst.)

Never having heard of John Ball, I must doubt the statement that his Socialism was the same brand as the Labour Party today. I am inclined to think that Mr. Ball would have been a Liberal if he had been living under the present Government, or even a Conservative.—Letter in *North London Press.* (E. Lahr.)

Spanish Journey

II.—THE RATE OF IMPOVERISHMENT

IT is always tempting to overstate a clear case; and in discussing the condition of the people of Spain, after 12 years of Franco, it is necessary to keep matters in proportion by reminding oneself that much of the country has undergone no important physical change for several centuries. In this provincial capital of Cuenca, for example—of which Alarcón, who visited it in 1855, recalled jokingly in his diary that people in Madrid "doubted of its real existence"—many of the inhabitants are living under conditions which must be close to those of the 15th Century.

The impressive fact about extremes of poverty in contemporary Spain is not so much that they exist but that they envelop an increasing proportion of the people. The evidence for believing that the Franco dictatorship has induced a process of impoverishment of all economic and social values, until the fabric of his system has worn so thin that no amount of patching can make it serve, seems overwhelming to me. That the national income declines steeply year by year is not open to doubt; and the only reservation to be made is that landowners and landed peasants, to the further wretchedness of the landless peasants and the mass of the people of the towns, may now have a rather larger proportion of the available income than they had ten years ago.

For Spain as a whole, the quantity of Spanish-grown wheat available a head before the civil war was about 1.70 quintals a year; in 1948 (official figures) this had declined to 0.86 quintals, or almost exactly half. For several years, however, Franco has imported large quantities of wheat, mainly from the Argentine, so that the total amount a head is probably not half but two-thirds that of 1935. This winter, if the ration of 150gr.—a small roll—is to be maintained (for there is, of course, no prospect of controlling the black market), the Government says that it will have to import 350,000 tons of wheat, and is searching wildly for the necessary foreign exchange.

The wheat shortage, product of a lack of fertilisers and a system of ill-conceived controls, is typical for all basic foods except perhaps fruit and olive oil. For the ten years 1926-35, the average annual production of rice was 3,001,000 quintals; in 1948 (the last official figures available) it was 2,212,000 quintals. Comparable figures for oats show a decline from 6,374,000 to 3,730,000 quintals; for barley from 22,237,000 to 13,332,000 quintals; and for maize from 6,544,000 to 3,879,000 quintals. Onions fell in this period from 5,622,000 quintals to 3,351,000 in 1947 (1948 figures not available); and potatoes from 44,501,000 quintals to 26,745,000—veritably a princely decline. Yet the population of Spain, even allowing for a million deaths caused by the civil war, is certainly not less to-day than two millions larger than in 1935. There is much less food; and there are far more people.

Health and wage statistics heavily support the evidence of rapid impoverishment. Overcrowding is an acute problem. For the obvious reason that it brings in a low rate of profit, private enterprise has constructed almost no low-rental housing. The State has done little better; and, considering that 55 per cent. of the budget for 1949, a fairly typical year, went to the armed forces and the security services of the Ministry of the Interior, this need cause no surprise. There is a shortage of low-rental *urban* housing—for the needs of the landless peasants do not seem to occur to the official mind—which is generally admitted to be about 500,000 units (for an urban population, that is, of at most ten millions); yet a strong Franco supporter in Madrid assured me that there are as many as 5,000 empty flats in Madrid at rents which only the privileged—a fraction of the population—can pay.

Principal health problems are TB and venereal disease. The real TB figures are unknown—like nearly all other vital statistics in Spain—but the Government's Health Department claims to have increased the number of TB beds from four thousand to seventeen thousand since 1939, and to be aiming at 25,000 beds; while the official figures show a threefold increase in the number of treated cases. Two working-class doctors with whom I discussed the incidence of TB—in two different cities—were both certain that the increase was much steeper than this, and was an absolute increase—quite apart, that is, from a certain improvement in treatment which has undoubtedly taken place as well. These doctors also said that syphilis was gaining ground, largely because Spain now lacks the foreign exchange to buy essential drugs. There is also reason to believe that the rate of prostitution is climbing. The infantile mortality rate, at the same time, does show an improvement from 50,500 deaths in 1946 to 40,811 in 1948, which is considerable for a growing population under Spanish conditions; the explanation seems to be partly a genuine attempt to improve the rate and partly an inheritance from the public health measures introduced in Madrid during the civil war, and later taken over and extended by the Nationalists.

But wage statistics provide what is perhaps the most conclusive evidence. Even the official indices, which need not be suspected of any inclination to discredit the dictatorship, show that the average worker, skilled or unskilled, receives to-day about half the real wages he received in 1936. When all the possible bonuses are added to the basic wage, the worker in any of the listed industries (including agriculture) is found to receive between two and three times the nominal income of 1936. The general index of the cost of living has meanwhile risen six or seven times. In reality, however, there is no doubt that the position is much worse than this. Most food prices seem to have had a tenfold increase, and the rationing system, such as it is, is little more than window-dressing.

The statistical picture in a country such as this is inevitably misleading. One hotel waiter, for instance, told me that he had earned 20 pesetas a day in 1936, but now earned only 15. He was an angry, bitter man who had seen all his life's savings swallowed by the inflation, and who hated the regime with fury and contempt. Officially there is little or no unemployment; in fact, there is undoubtedly a large amount of *unregistered* unemployment and a very large amount of under-employment. Everyone who can does two jobs, but one or both jobs are often unregistered. Employers who can escape paying the obligatory contributions which are exacted by the State, in the name of social insurance and welfare, exploit this situation by employing unregistered workers, who thus receive only the basic wage. I was told in Valencia that this is the case with many of the dockers and other workers there. Being either unregistered or working only on short-term agreements, they earn no more than the basic wage of 18 pesetas a day—about three shillings and sixpence at the "free rate" of exchange, or rather less at the "black" rate.

To reduce these somewhat barren figures to more personal terms, I investigated two or three individual budgets. A "first grade" engineering worker in Madrid, in one of these cases, was receiving 34 pesetas a day for six days of eight hours. He has a wife and two children. His receipts are made up of a basic wage of 22 pesetas, from which 8 per cent. is deducted for health insurance and other State funds; the balance comes from a cost of living supplement of 25 per cent. (*Carestia de Vida*), from two very small special bonuses (for July 18th, 1936, when Franco revolted, and for the Nativity of Christ), from "family points" levied on his fellow-workers, and from a family allowance of 20 pesetas a month for each child. These bonuses and supplements (the last two, of course, varying with the case) are applicable to all *registered* wage-earners. A conductor on the Madrid metro, with a wife and one child, was earning 31 pesetas a day. An upholsterer with wife and two children, also in Madrid, was earning 36 pesetas. Unskilled workers receive about ten pesetas a day less than the average of these three incomes; if unregistered, however, they are lucky to get 14 pesetas a day.

A registered skilled worker, then, may receive between 900 and 1,000 pesetas a month, and a registered unskilled worker between 600 and 700. As far as clothing is concerned, the £/peseta rate of 110 seems reasonably fair (a poor quality pair of shoes costs 120 pesetas, and a poor quality suit 600). But habits are radically different. Here, then, is a list of the monthly cost of some of the things that a worker with a wife and two children needs to keep body and soul vaguely together in working-class Madrid.

	Pesetas
Rent (one room)	175
Rations (skeleton supply of bread, oil, sugar)	114
30 kgs. of unrationed bread	372
4 litres of unrationed oil	88
2 kgs. of unrationed sugar	48
16 eggs	42
Total	839

There remains the sum of 60 to 160 pesetas a month (say, 11 to 30 shillings) for the rest of the food and other essentials this family needs; but the unskilled worker is already deep in debt. Since they cannot live on this wage (even if the wife is also in employment), the husband finds other work; and so, by working perhaps 72 hours a week, manages at cost of health and human decency to scrape along.

The salary-earning class suffers in the same degree. Almost every professional worker I met was doing two jobs. A professor of Salamanca University, for instance, has a salary of 26,000 pesetas a year—supplemented to some extent from a special fund which is levied, characteristically, on the students. The basic annual pay of a full colonel in the Army is 21,000; plus allowances, I am told that he is glad to see 3,500 a month (say, £33). But a Spanish colonel, of course, belongs to the privileged hierarchy, and can usually reckon to double or treble his pay by acting as "contact man" for a firm that is anxious to sell to the Government.

"There are two Spains," remarked a university professor, "the one which reaches the end of the month, and the one which does not." The proportion at this moment, I should say, is about one to twenty; and the rate of impoverishment, which has risen at alarming speed for several years now, is rising still.

Guenca, November. BASIL DAVIDSON

Herring Harvest—II

It's no go the Herring Board, it's no go the Bible,
All we want is a packet of fags when our hands are idle.
LOUIS MACNEICE

Is it "No go the Herring Board"? Are shortcomings in the policy or powers of this controlling Authority responsible for the shrinkage in the herring trade which I described last week? The critics, most numerous among those engaged in klondyking and processing for export, will tell you that the H.I.B., with its policy of caution and minimum prices, is sheltering the industry at the cost of acquiescence in its quantitative decline; that if Britain's one export of foodstuffs is not to become extinct, much more flexible prices and "aggressive selling" are essential. It is all very well to say this; but there are several countervailing factors to be borne in mind. First, the Board is not administratively omnipotent, and its financial resources are very limited. Leaving out of account its activities in financing, by loan or grant, the purchase of boats, nets and gear, it provides the industry with a "floor" by purchasing herring for conversion into oil and meal at a guaranteed minimum of 35s. a cran—of which something like 20s. represents subsidy. For the current season it "approved"—it could not dictate, but had to negotiate with the catchers—minimum prices of 70s. for freshings, 65s. for herring bought for canning, 60s. for pickle-curing and 50s. for klondyking; and, to prevent a glut of landings beyond the oil and meal mills' capacity, it admittedly used "the flag" frequently in October, with the result that, as the catchings tailed off quickly towards the end of November, the curers' quota was not filled, and klondykers (so they argue) might have sold more then they did—if the price, of course, had been "right" in the earlier weeks of plenty.

I am not disposed to brush aside these criticisms of the Board, nor to deny that more could be done to stimulate demand. So far as the home market is concerned, the trouble is not that the retail price of herring—sold, say, at 2¼d. on the quay and 7d. in the shops—is too high: herring is a cheap food, and consumption is restricted (*a*) because working-class households associate herring with the "bad days" of the 'thirties; and (*b*) because it has so far proved impossible to get people in this country to eat raw pickled herring. (Why do those who will pay 15s. a lb for smoked salmon turn up their noses at the equally delectable and more nutritious "matje"?) The H.I.B. is doing what it can to improve quality in the home market, and is publicising recipes for cooking herring. It might do more if it had funds to establish enough quick-freezing plants and storage: even though herring is too low-priced to stand frozen storage charges for a long period, quick-freezing in October might at least fill the January-March gap, when only the coarse Norwegian herring, caught cheaply by purse-seine netting in the fiords, are available. Demand, too, might be encouraged if the Board had power to forbid the sale of kippers cured, as now, with a dye which browns them if they have had only a quarter or less of the proper number of hours, in the smoke-house. (But here, since the dyed kipper, now almost universal, is more profitable, there are vested interests to overcome.) If, however, the British public won't eat more than about 600,000 cran yearly of fresh and kippered herring, then the home market cannot be expanded unless the present trivial consumption of 10,000 crans of "pickle-cured" can be stepped up. To blame the Board for failure to do this is unfair: British tastes are obstinately conservative.

It is in relation to curing for export, and its general attitude to sales abroad that the H.I.B. is perhaps more open to criticism. Within the limits of the set "target," the curers now function, without risk, as the Board's agents. The Board reimburses them for the 60s. per cran which they pay for the herring, and covers their other outgoings, with an agreed margin for profit. (One cran makes 1⅓ barrels, and the curing cost is 42s. 6d. per barrel, of which 21s. goes to the cooper: mechanisation may ultimately reduce labour costs, but "new barrels" is a British tradition.) Another agency, Associated Herring Merchants, Ltd., does the foreign selling, and shares the proceeds with the Board and thus, indirectly, with the curers. Here, obviously, you have a curious, one-sided form of planning. The producer of the raw material, the fisherman, has a guaranteed price, and the British quotation for the article, processed on a "cost plus" basis, is practically rigid and known to Dutch, German and other competitors—all operating in a free, Continental market. It is no wonder that British cured herrings are being undersold; nor is it surprising that a grey-haired Board, whose trade advisers, in turn, are apt to be elderly and ultra-cautious, is progressively reducing the barrelage which it estimates can be sold, if the curing is financed. Admitting all the obstacles in the shape of import quotas, shortage of sterling and so forth, I am not prepared to agree with those defenders of the Board who assured me at Yarmouth that lower prices would not check the steady shrinkage of sales abroad. It is surely not without significance that, by the end of October, the Dutch "cure" exceeded 600,000 barrels—a figure which compares with 440,000 barrels at the same date last year. Need Dutch output be tenfold that of Britain?

The question is how lower prices are to be secured. The catchers' contention, that fishing cannot be maintained with grossings less than the present average of about 60s. a cran, is reasonable under present conditions of "drifting." Experiments made with ring nets and mid-water trawls in the open North Sea do not encourage great hopes of cheaper catching by such methods. On a long-term view, the answer may be found in the electrocution of shoals; and already the admirable research being conducted by the Lowestoft Laboratory into the composition by age-groups of the herring population, and its consequent probable future size and character of movement, is helping to make fishing more economical. For this work, and for the excellent statistical records of the Fisheries Department at the herring ports, praise cannot be too high. But if British prices for cured and klondyked herring are to be competitive when the season is good and landings by Continental drifters heavy, some more immediate remedy must be sought.

As matters stand, the Herring Industry Board have quite inadequate capital funds, and are almost bound to pursue a course of "safety first." If October brings a flush of herring, they dare not speculate and increase the curers' target lest they have to carry a large unsold stock: they are marketing herring with one hand tied behind their back. Lacking adequate resources, they cannot apply, on the large scale of the East Anglian season, the system worked in the Minch, whereby all herring landed are bought by the H.I.B. at a flat-rate price—a system which would permit much greater flexibility of prices for cured and klondyked herring, and might not even lead to appreciable loss over a period of years. Now that white fish also are to have an Authority, I hope that its chairman, Admiral Burnett, will insist on greater powers and resources than those wielded by his opposite number in the H.I.B. at Edinburgh. It is certainly time for the Government to recognise that Boards which have to operate in an economy domestically planned and internationally "free," and whose marketing is done on a shoe-string, are apt to play safe—dangerously. AYLMER VALLANCE

Lowestoft, November.

In the Midi

As I threw the shutters open in the morning, I found that my ground-floor room looked on to a little courtyard, with a whitewashed wall opposite, a palm-tree and a tall water-jar. Although the sky was grey, these three simple objects were enough to give me a warm feeling of being in the Midi. Yet on the previous night, when I got off the Paris train at Arles, I did not have that feeling at all. The station looked new, but singularly small compared with the station at Arles before the war. And then there was that long trek through the rain along dark, narrow streets, and through unfamiliar open spaces, with bits of ruin muttering their idiot tale in the faint glimmer of a far-off street lamp. This might be Hull, or Kiev, or Düsseldorf. But Arles! Arles means Provence, Roman antiquities, bull-fights, and, of course, Van Gogh. Outside the Hôtel du Musée there were ruins; all along the Rhône there were ruins and more ruins. There were wide open spaces and heaps of rubble round the railway station. Both the bridges across the Rhône had been destroyed, and one of them was now being rebuilt. Out of a total of 6,000 houses at Arles, 850 had been destroyed and 2,000 had been damaged. Thank heaven, the Place Mistral looked still as dreamy and lazy as ever, with its grubby little cafés and the Van Gogh-like loafers sitting on the benches under the trees.

At the modern town hall I was received by the Mayor. He was called M. Privat and was a boisterous young Socialist, and had, in the town, a good reputation of efficiency. With meridional exuberance he informed me that Arles was the worst-bombed town in the Midi. "These Americans," he said, more in sorrow than in anger, "they *would* drop their bombs from 5,000 metres—and, of course, they didn't hit the bridges, but just dropped their bombs anywhere. Precision, *precision* is what is needed in these matters. Finally, it was the British who destroyed one bridge, and then the Free French destroyed the other. And the six American raids—they were *quite* unnecessary. And in the first one alone they killed 300 people. *Ce sont des gens qui ne réfléchissent pas.*"

> Yes, it doesn't take long to destroy, but it takes an awfully long time to restore. Especially when there's no money. Of course, the 2,000 houses that were merely damaged have been repaired, and we patched up the damage caused to the *Arènes* by two bombs; but the Church of St. Julien is in a sorry state. We have built 150 new houses, and 150 more are under construction. Building costs are too high, and we haven't standardised building even as much as you have in England—a great mistake. If all goes well, everything should be rebuilt in five years' time, all the same. *Mais voilà*—where's the money to come from? We've been getting 100 million francs a year for reconstruction, but we are worried—very worried. With all this rearmament, will the credits be maintained? And then, of course, there's the war in Indo-China. The other day, at the National Assembly, one of our Deputies said a very true thing: he said that more had been spent on the war in Indo-China than on reconstruction in France!

He was quite right, of course, and perhaps it is not realised abroad that the destruction caused by this war in France is far greater than that caused by the first world war. M. Privat then talked about the Commune of Arles which, he proudly declared, was the largest Commune in France stretching all the way to the Mediterranean. The low marshy *pays de Carmagne* had, one had to admit it, greatly benefited under the Vichy regime. At that time France was cut off from all its colonial imports, and they started growing rice here, and were now supplying France with one-third of all her rice consumption. The rice was grown on large farms and large estates, and the labour was mostly Italian, and the two rice refineries at Arles were producing "very decent crops." The congress of the rice-growers of Carmagne was opening at Arles the next day—would I like to be invited?

Of course, M. Privat also talked about the danger of war—what did I think of it? People were *very* anxious, he said, very anxious indeed. "What we *really* need," he said, "is a Federal Europe. But the English are letting us down terribly. On the other hand, we have no use for the Communists. "I've no end of trouble with my Communist town councillors at Arles—14 out of 31 on the Town Council are Communists. All the time *ils font de la demagogie.* Only it's a fact—*though one mustn't say these things*" (a pretty significant admission, I thought)—"our people are far more worried about America than about Russia at present." And he talked about German rearmament, and China, and Korea. "*Ils n'ont jamais eu la guerre chez eux, ces Américains*" . . .

There is still a French way of life, which is unlike the English, the Russian, or the American way of life. There is still much left of the old *douceur de vivre*. Near Saint-Raphaël I found my old friend François Crucy living in his lovely little rose-coloured house surrounded by olive trees and vineyards. In a good year he gets 700 litres of wine, in a bad year 500. "*Ça me suffit,*" he remarked. And what delicious wine, too! Crucy is now 75, he was in the Resistance and was locked up by the Gestapo for two months; and, though retired now, he is a great reader, and receives mountains of newspapers and magazines from abroad. As I listened to him, sipping his sunny white wine, I was conscious of the unbreakable continuity of French life, despite all ups and downs, of a certain mellow detachment, which is not the same as resignation, and of an emotional unity or sentimental solidarity which cuts across all parties and all opinions. This solidarity is, somehow, created by affection for the French *land*—which they do not want hurt by new wars—for French history, for the very fact that France is *different*. It is different from England, and Russia, and America. The English don't know how to live, though they have the most estimable qualities the French will never have; Russia is a double-headed myth; and America—well, America is what drops bombs and what you see on the films. *C'est pas des gens comme nous. . . .*

At Marseilles, at Toulon, at Nice I made a discovery. All the Communist talk about the dockers refusing to handle American arms, or arms for Indo-China, is a lot of eyewash. First and foremost, people want to work and live. There is no revolutionary temper in France at present, or very little of it. People vote Communist because they feel "extreme Left," or are underpaid, not because they want to go on the barricades. Except for the hard core of the militants, the rank-and-file C.G.T and Communist worker is not in a hot revolutionary temper; and, if he resents American "imperialism," he also resents America's insistence on supplying her own tanks to France, instead of allowing the French workers to make them! Strikes, above all political strikes, are not looked upon with favour by the workers themselves. Even if, among the C.G.T. workers, there is real hatred of America, there are many mental reservations and doubts about Russia, too. These mental reservations are very French in quality, and largely arise from resentment over Russian "superiority" claims in all things. The prevalent feeling among the Government parties to-day is that to start persecuting the Communist Party will only stir up political passions which—save for disquiet about M. Moch's militia—are now sound asleep. If there are strong feelings about Korea and Indo-China,

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PLEASE USE BLOCK LETTERS

peace and the atom bomb, they are feelings not confined to the Communists by any means. Perhaps at heart everybody agrees with the *substance,* though not the form, of the "Stockholm Appeal." . . .

This is the dead season at Cannes, at Nice, at Monte Carlo, but I like it better that way. In Nice there are few English voices, and the place is, for once, full of Niçois. The shopkeepers along the Avenue de la Victoire complain frantically about taxation, but Nice is still the cheapest town in France—with a reasonable *prix-fixe* meal for 3s. 6d. and a really good four-course meal for 5s. And it is full of *douceur de vivre,* and very French, with a little bit of Italian, and not at all cosmopolitan. In the cinemas they show very few American films, but Fernandel, and still more Fernandel, and Raimu, and a delicious French comic film of provincial life based on the Maupassant story, *Le Rosier de Madame Husson.* All much more human, and delicate and subtle in its satire than Hollywood. And for uproarious fun, complete with a glorious skit on American gangster films, I give the prize to Fernandel's *Armoire Volante,* with Fernandel as the little *fonctionnaire* (rather a Chaplinesque figure) searching all over Paris for the stolen wardrobe which, he thinks, contains the body of his maiden aunt, which the furniture removers had put there by mistake. Fortunately it has a happy ending, but the suspense is terrific. The bad, wicked world seems very far away at Nice—except for the two tablets near the Place Masséna—where the excursion buses start from—marking the place where two men of the Resistance were publicly hanged by the Germans in 1944.

Nice, November. ALEXANDER WERTH

So They Say . . .

THE almost unanimous conclusion, whether put bluntly or circumspectly, in the British Press as Mr. Attlee left for Washington was that his task would be to keep Britain out of war with China and prevent the use of the atom bomb. It was reached in a great variety of ways. Seldom can so many editorial somersaults have been performed in such a short time.

War ?

The *News Chronicle,* for instance, on the eve of the Foreign Affairs debate last week, stated that "the Chinese Communists have committed an act of war against the United Nations. . . . Chinese intervention is quite unprovoked. . . . There is not a shred of justification for it. . . . This is not the moment for tactics. . . . once again international peace is threatened." Next day the *Chronicle* retracted hurriedly: "War not inevitable. . . . we have not yet reached the point of no return. . . . room is left for diplomatic manœuvre and more can be made. . . . all possibilities ought to be explored exhaustively and with urgency."

The *Daily Express,* after implying, first, that the Chinese hadn't a chance against MacArthur, secondly that, if the American troops in Korea were seriously threatened, the atomic bomb would be contemplated, and, thirdly, that in any case war would mean "suicide" for China—after all this, the *Express* suddenly grew apprehensive, and on Saturday said that Mr. Attlee took with him the knowledge that "nobody in Britain wants a war with China . . . the war in Korea should be governed by military common sense and not by the desire to reach some ideal conclusion." On Monday it reiterated: "No one in Britain wants war with China. . . . the desire of the British people is for peace. . . ."

The *Daily Mail* first ridiculed as unreal the Foreign Secretary's statement that "the first essential is to stabilise the military situation and then to explore a political settlement"—and two days later, on Saturday, stated that "the first need is to stabilise the fighting line. . . . while political measures are taken to discover the real intentions of China."

The *Daily Telegraph*, on Monday, November 27, argued that "to decide, as some hopeful minds have done, that we have but to show amiability [to Mao] to persuade him to renounce his Communist allegiance argues a gross ignorance"; but by Monday, December 4, it had decided that the only possible course was to "assume that China has run amok. . . . but may be induced to come to reason under careful handling."

The *Daily Mirror*, the *Daily Graphic*, the *Daily Worker*, the *Daily Herald*, and *The Times* all said what might be expected of them—the latter journal with even more than its usual caution and qualification. No one will dispute its classic observation on Saturday: "It is not by plunging into a third world war that peace can best be defended."

Atomic Bomb ?

The *Manchester Guardian*, while trouncing MacArthur throughout last week, got to the point by Saturday of asking what should be done if the Chinese kept advancing. "Should we deny ourselves the advantage of our best weapons? . . . Surely not, provided they can be effective. . . . extreme measures may prove necessary, and the responsibility will be theirs." By Monday, however, the editorial was headed "Weekend Thoughts," and began: ". . . the connection between Asia and Europe has become very clear. . . . if there should be war with China the danger of early war in Europe will become much greater . . . if the atomic bomb should be used. . . . it could hardly fail to be used elsewhere. . . . No single government. . . . desires war . . . thus every country may be willing to pay a price for peace. . ."

Of the Sunday papers, two were most outspoken. *Reynold's News* told Mr. Attlee what he ought to make clear to President Truman about MacArthur, China, and the atom bomb. The *Sunday Pictorial* said the same thing, in a rather more strongly worded "Open Letter," but only a fraction of its readers can have read it. The "Open Letter" disappeared after the first edition.

Knaves in Buckram

Daily Mail, Wednesday, November 29:

> The Supreme Commander announced that there were 200,000 Chinese Communists in Korea.

Daily Mail, Friday, December 1:

> Supreme H.Q. announced that there were 300,000 in Korea.

Sunday Despatch, December 3:

> The Supreme Commander announced that 500,000 were engaged against him.

Daily Mail, Tuesday, December 5:

> Supreme H.Q. stated that there were 268,000 "engaged," 550,000 more on both sides of the Yalu R., and 200,000 more moving up from S. China—a total of 1,018,000.

War is Indivisible ?

Economist, July 29:

> The British people cannot enjoy at one and the same time the benefits of collective security afforded by American power and the luxury of picking and choosing between the issues that arise in the cold war. If peace is indivisible, so must the policy of resistance to aggression.

Economist, December 2:

> And if this is the position—as it appears to be—then the right course is to seize every opportunity of disengagement from the entanglement.

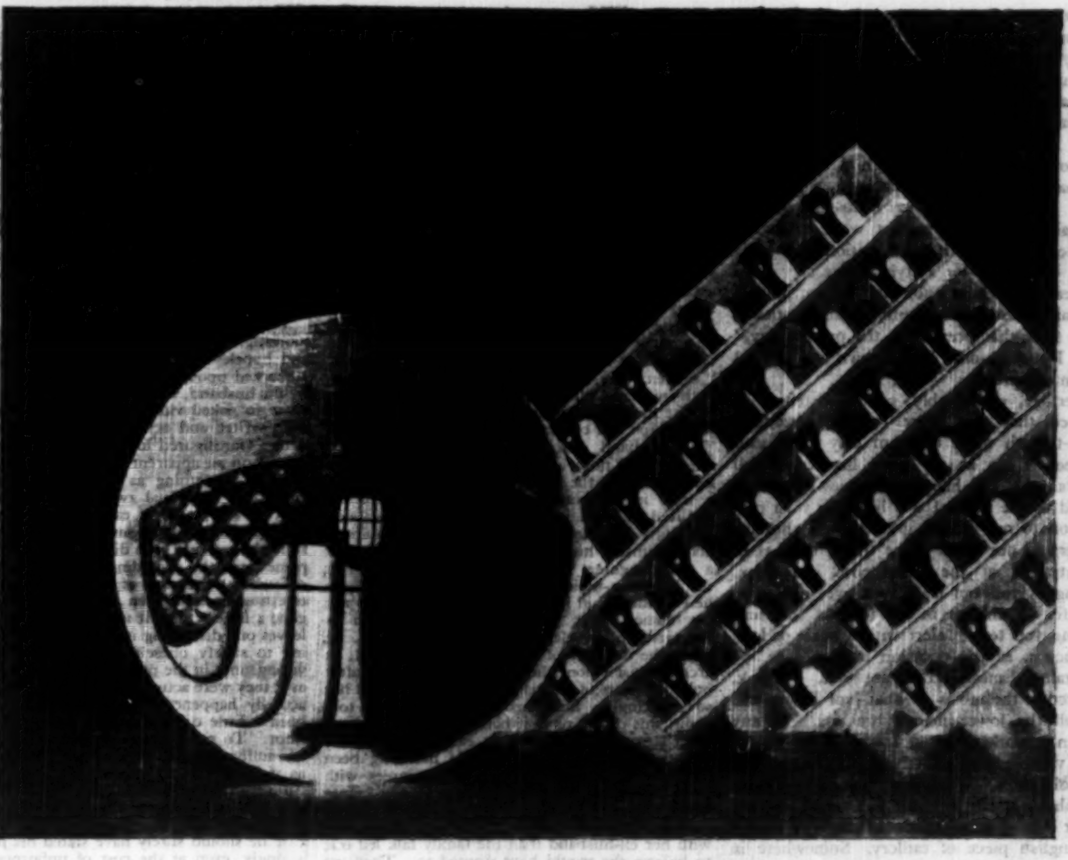
Table-talking

ONE thing I am reasonably sure about: I have the makings in me of a good table-talker. The trouble is I am never allowed to get really going. At table recently the conversation—it was about the Chantrey Bequest exhibit—had lasted too long for my liking. To change the subject I piped up weakly: "There's a good story in *Nollekens* about Chantrey . . ." At once I was checked: "Surely Nollekens was *long* before Chantrey ?" Silenced, I thought, "She goes in for knowing about Art: perhaps she's right." And then, "The hell she is" Meanwhile, of course, other people's talk flowed on undammed. The story, as it happens, is not in *Nollekens and His Times.* Caroline Fox tells it in her *Journal :* "Chantrey, after sustaining a learned conversation with Lord Melbourne to his extremest limits, saved his credit by, 'Would your Lordship kindly turn your head on the other side and shut your mouth.' "

Not, I can see now, much of a story. But—who knows ?—it might have launched me into the conversation and, confidently cruising around, I could have reached those topics upon which I am fully qualified to talk well. (I know, because I talk to myself.) I got pulled up short, in much the same way, when, apropos of the pleasanter side of pedantry, I told Cory's anecdote: "There was an old scholar, George Kennedy. A friend, Faber, a very poetical man, who afterwards turned R.C., came into the room once, and, to his surprise and joy, found him reading the New Testament, which was unusual. But all the old fellow said was, 'Rum chap, Luke! Uses ἄν with the Future Optative!' " Before anyone who felt so disposed could register amusement at my story, some lout leaned across the table and said to me: "Opt-ative? I always say optă-tive." Made miserably conscious again that I had been sent to the wrong school, I dried up. When I had told the story before, a man (a Wykehamist, I think, but I wouldn't be sure) said: "Optă-tive? I always say opt-ative."

Virtually a murderer of interrupters, I suffer no remorse. Only the other day I slew with a look a man who, when I was using—believe me, with perfect justification—the word *stĕatóp-ygous* (thus pronounced), ejaculated "Steato-pȳgous." And I made short work of a woman who shrieked "Camoinsh!" (or something like that) when, to give people a clue to the man I was talking about, I pronounced him more or less as spelt: Camoens. Similar trouble with *aposiopesis* and *apotheosis* means that I now have to get along in conversation without them. It is a nuisance.

Paley (the "Evidences" man) says that once you have defined a word you are entitled to



CLEAR AS CRYSTAL

GLASS is a necessity of modern civilization—a material which affects our daily lives far more than is commonly recognised. We see through glass windows, spectacles, binoculars and microscopes. We eat and drink from glass. We grow food under glass. We preserve and sell it in glass. We cook it in glass. We protect with glass. We decorate with glass. We light our houses with glass. We are beginning to build with glass. The manufacture of glass is thousands of years old. It probably began in ancient Egypt, where glass beads and amulets have been found in tombs of about 4000 B.C. But the great development in the uses of glass is of recent date. It is only since 1910 that glass-making may be said to have changed from a craft to a highly scientific and specialized industry. For this transition much credit must go to the glass manufacturing firms of Great Britain. The work of the Department of Glass Technology at Sheffield University is known all over the world. In the laboratory, vigorous and systematic research has resulted in progressive improvements in manufacturing efficiency; and in the design and appearance of the finished article. In the chemical factory, the maintenance of the highest standards of purity in the chemicals used in glass-making ensure the quality and reputation of British glass. Chief among these chemicals are sodium carbonate—soda ash—and sodium sulphate—"salt cake"—and certain special refining agents. Glass-making profits by the research as well as the products of the chemical industry, but without adequate supplies of better optical glass and of various glass-wares with specially resistant properties, scientific research would speedily suffer. The bond is mutual. If the chemist helps the British glass manufacturer to produce better glass, he depends on glass, for the service he is able to give.

ICI

use that word in the sense defined, whatever the correct sense may be. Similarly (or roughly so) I think every man is entitled to his own accentuation—recessive or progressive. Personally I can get much more venom into *despic-able* than into *des-picable* and into *tir-ade* than into *ti-râde*. That's how I say the words to myself, though I follow the dictionary when I am in company. Paley, I think, would support my idiosyncrasy. I like Paley. He was against what he called exercises in English composition: "This calling upon lads for a style before they have got ideas, sets them upon fine writing, and is the main cause of the puffy, spungy, spewy, washy style that prevails at the present day." Paley, I guess, would have known how to deal with interrupters.

Coleridge, presumably, got his listeners so bemused that they were too devitalized to utter—though some of them may have been like me. I am a very good listener—to all appearances. The happiest reveries have been granted to me while I was listening with rapt attention to one of the greatest oral autobiographers of our time. The thing to do is to gaze straight at the man's nose, and relax. As long as you can keep your eyes open you are safe. A change in his tone is sufficient to bring you to the alert with a smile or look of concern, as the occasion may require.

Sustained monologues are not, I think, tolerated at the tables of what Ivor Brown will not call the lower-income brackets. At any rate, in a works canteen I have often known a too voluble man effectively silenced by the interpolation: "What about the other end?" The phrase used to puzzle me until I divined that it was a euphemistic allusion to a very old English piece of raillery. Somewhere in Chaucer or an early 16th-century play I have seen, though never able to find again, the line: "Now shet, quod she, your mouth, and gyf your erse a chance." There is, I agree, a case to be made for interrupters, just as there is a case to be made for provokers. Lamb, I am sure, was forgiven for trying to extinguish the comptroller of stamps by chanting "Diddle diddle dumpling," as Shelley, no doubt, was applauded for goading Haydon, "in the most feminine and gentle voice," with, "As to that detestable religion, the Christian . . ."

My complaint, as I say, is that I can never get going. A pity. I have such a wonderful stock of openings. For example: "Jean P. Parizot, you will remember, discovered from Genesis and the Gospel of St. John that the three elements of the Trinity are to be found in Nature: salt corresponds to God the Father, mercury to God the Son, while sulphur, because it unites the two, represents the Holy Spirit." Try another: "That reminds me of Antoinette Bourignon who had the gift of penetrative virginity. Her presence and conversation, it was said, diffused such an odour of continency that one forgot all about the pleasures of the flesh." Where I should get to from either of those starting-points I am not sure. Perhaps I shall never begin at all. If I do, the lady on my left will say, "Would you kindly turn your head on the other side and shut your mouth."

Daniel George

The Arts and Entertainment

"RETURN TO TYASSI"

Mr. Benn Levy's new play, *Return to Tyassi*, at the Duke of York's, awoke in me a (fortunately rare) daydream of being one of those influential critics one reads about (do they really exist?) who are absolute arbiters of success and failure in the theatre; whose reactions throughout a play are anxiously scrutinised by all concerned in the venture, because he is able, they know, to walk out afterwards to the office of his newspaper and, with a few decisive phrases, make or unmake the success of their play. Thus I should like to assure this play a reasonable run although I am aware that it doesn't completely come off. But it misses at a high level. It bristles with intelligence, it is civilised and adult, the characters are not for once stage stock, and it is really "written," the dialogue giving pleasure in itself, with its shape, its wit and a charming tenderness.

The first act sets out the circumstances and relationships in a certain upper-middle-class family. The husband (excellently presented by Mr. Alexander Knox) is a higher civil servant, who gives us from the start the impression of being a man in competent and tight control of his civilised life and its well-ordered circumstances. He has a dry line of somewhat elaborate humour about himself, his job and his Minister. He has a step-daughter, who is sitting opposite him at the breakfast-table, a mother-in-law with whom he is evidently in league, and a wife, who has not yet come down. In *The Times*, which is propped on an elegant silver reading-rack, he reads the obituary of his wife's first husband, an archæologist whom she left some years ago after only two years of marriage, because he treated her so shockingly. Shall his wife, Martha, be told about this death, or is it better not to risk opening old sores? But why on earth not, asks the step-daughter, since the episode has long been forgotten? But the mother-in-law agrees with him: better not. However, when Martha comes down, it turns out that she knows the news already. She has evidently kept in closer touch with her ex-husband than the family talk led one to believe she would have wanted to. Then we learn of the relationship between Martha and her young daughter on the one hand, and her own mother on the other. The girl adores Martha, who wonders whether the adoration isn't excessive, whether she doesn't influence her daughter too much; and she is the more conscious of this because she in her turn has been too much under the domination of *her* mother, a fashionable lady who now lives most of the year in a villa in the south of France. To end the scene the brother of her dead first husband rings up and asks to be allowed to come and see her.

This Francis Hubbard (Mr. John Justin gives a very vivid account of him) is a tough, gauche, rudely direct young man, bitter at the way Martha behaved ten years before. Her desertion—so *he* regards it—was partly responsible for his brother's death. He has come now to ask her to allow him to deal with his brother's papers and manuscripts, for everything, including £600 a year, has been left to her in his brother's will. She not only gives him this permission, but offers, too, the £600 a year to complete the work at Tyassi. He gracelessly refuses it and bangs out.

Such is the substance of a first act, engrossing in interest and admirably acted. The second act brings a development which can be criticised on the score of its not having been properly prepared for, though in itself it is a beautifully written scene and the substance of it is beautifully spoken by Miss Constance Cummings. That evening, Francis Hubbard calls back to apologise for his earlier behaviour, and finds the family assembled, on the point of leaving for the opera. Husband and mother-in-law, disliking him at sight, try to get rid of him before he can make any mischief, but they only succeed in provoking Martha to a confession. She didn't, she tells them all, leave her first husband because he behaved intolerably, but because she couldn't stand the rough life of an archæological camp. In fact, she did desert him, under the promptings of her mother, in favour of the flesh-pots of Regent's Park. She married her present husband, less out of love than out of the knowledge that he would provide her with "all this"; and gradually, through the years, she has discovered that "all this" has proved an illusory happiness; she has been steadily re-falling in love with her first husband all this time, and the so much "realler" life that he provided. Carried away by her own confession, she goes on to plan an elopement with young Francis Hubbard, hoping to rediscover with him the past she rejected with his brother.

The young man comes round in the early morning, soberer than he was the night before, and hopelessly uncertain about the plan he has embarked upon. He is quickly turned inside out by the husband, whose change from civilised good sense to naked violence was beautifully done by both writer and actor. The wife is now faced with a transfigured lover and a transfigured husband, and an apparent impasse, soluble, it seems, only by something as melodramatic as suicide. But there is a final twist—reconciliation, or at least an acceptance of each other on a new plane of reality by husband and wife—and for this the style shifts too, a little discordantly, on to another plane from the preceding realism.

Such is the outline of this interesting play: interesting because even though it seems to have gone a little wrong, it is one of those plays which leaves one discussing it for hours afterwards, trying to satisfy oneself about where it has gone wrong, and, in the process, treating the characters as if they were actual people to whom these things actually happened, but whose story might have been a little differently manipulated by the narrator. To me it seems probable that Mr. Levy has suffered from a divided aim. At first it seems as if he is out to oppose two ways of life, an "unreal" upper-middle-class life with a "real" world of archæological digs in Tyassi, and means us to prefer the second to the first. But in that case he should surely have stated his terms more strongly, even at the cost of unfairness. Queen Anne furnishings and visits to the opera—even if we throw in a mother-in-law with a villa at Antibes, and a Lesbian friend for the step-daughter—are not in themselves signs of a hopeless frivolity. But then later on he seems to switch his terms. The "unreality" is in the mind of his Martha, who regards "all this" as "unreal," and is pining for a "reality" in Tyassi, which she is, in fact, incapable of living—and the reconciliation at the end seems to endorse this interpretation. But in that case the author should surely have made clearer much earlier on the kind of romantic disease which his Martha suffered from. There are other inconsistencies which will strike everyone—like the altogether too abrupt reversal in the brother's change from strength to weakness. But all the same I think *Return to Tyassi* a most absorbing play and one which will give many incidental rewards to those who enjoy the depiction of character in a language hard, living and appropriate.

T. C. Worsley

TROY, CARTHAGE AND SEVILLE

"Scene: Troy and Carthage." With these brave words, the Oxford University Opera Club indicated the scale of their 25th anniversary production: nothing less than the sublime, unmanageable Vergilian epic of Berlioz. There were substantial cuts, among them that unparalleled symphonic tableau, the Royal Hunt and Storm; but it is surprising, after all, how much of both *La Prise de Troie* and *Les Troyens à Carthage* can be included in some four hours. Without lengthening the brief intervals, something might perhaps have been done, even in the Oxford Town Hall, to mitigate the similarity of Carthage and Troy. "Plus ça change", Aeneas might well have murmured on arriving at the court of Dido. True, the Car-

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A Frontiersman of 1950

LONG BEFORE THE EVENING PAPERS REACH the homing city workers Lew Trevelyan's* quiet work has been done. Fenimore Cooper would have delighted in this 1950 frontiersman, wise in the ways of the moose, the flighting of wild geese and the feeding time of brown trout in the deep still lakes of Canada. Although employed by the largest combined pulp and paper mill in existence . . . Bowaters, at Corner Brook, in the Canadian Province of Newfoundland . . . Lew knows little of cities, and cares less. Lew is a Bowater timber cruiser. With aerial photographs as his guide, he penetrates deep into the virgin forests, to check that the spruce and balsam fir shown on them are trees of mature growth and the right diameter to feed the ever-hungry jaws of the great mills at Corner Brook. On his reports will depend the location of logging camps the following summer and ultimately the raw material for newsprint and other papers the year after that.

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* *Fictitious name for a real character.*

thaginian Queen was allowed a magnificent Nubian attendant; but there invention stopped. Something further was wanted for the great love scene beneath the African stars: garlands, wine, a hint of Eastern luxury. Otherwise the producer, Morton Demmery, deserves nothing but praise; on a difficult stage he managed the innumerable arrivals and departures of the chorus with remarkable ingenuity and absence of fuss. Everything conspired to concentrate our attention on what really mattered: the music of Berlioz.

To this music—so variable in quality, rising at its best to the level of Delacroix or even of Poussin, at its worst never merely flat and predictable—Professor Westrup and his forces rendered a high degree of justice. Both in quantity and quality, his orchestra surpassed expectation. Including the three stage bands (one of them supplied by Morris Motors), it totalled over eighty players, of whom at least one (Colin Halley, of St. Edmund Hall) must be mentioned for the beauty of his clarinet playing in the prolonged and strangely impressive dumbshow of Andromache and the child Astyanax.

Hearing the two parts in quick succession, we notice more than ever their unequal dramatic value. *La Prise de Troie* is a choral epic, with magnificent solo interludes. The crowd registers joy and agitation, dismay and heroic resolution; but to indicate the unseen causes of these fluctuating moods they are perpetually obliged to point off stage. Even Cassandra and the ghost of Hector, who contribute the most impressive episodes, are mere embodiments of warning and prophecy. At Oxford, their scenes were made memorable by Barbara Rawson, whose voice has matured since her Iphigeneia of last year, and by the solid, clearly produced bass tones of Thomas Hemsley. But nothing can prevent the audience from finding *La Prise de Troie* more of a pageant than an opera.

In the early scenes of *Les Troyens à Carthage*, the impression of a pageant persists. The French, like all Mediterranean peoples, ancient and modern, have a passion for public occasions and demonstrations. To Berlioz there is nothing odd about introducing his tragic heroine as the principal figure in a sort of Carthaginian Speech Day, seated on "a throne surrounded by the trophies of Agriculture, Commerce and the Arts." "*Approchez*," cries the regal widow, "*constructeurs, matelots, laboureurs. Recevez de ma main la juste récompense due au travail qui donne la puissance et la vie aux états.*" Not until the deserving crowd have cleared off, leaving Dido and Anna to their E major duet, do we get a foretaste of the glorious music which is to come. The arrival of the Greeks is again comparatively ineffective, the device of Aeneas's temporary disguise as a sailor leading nowhere. By the second act, however, Berlioz has at least reached the heart of his subject: the love of Dido and Aeneas, and the conflict with divinely imposed duty which compels the Trojan hero to abandon her. Now the severe folds of the drapery begin to be stirred by a romantic breeze. We can almost point to the moment at which the composer's imagination catches fire. It is the delicate song of the poet Iopas, "O blonde Cérès," which Brian Anderson, though hampered by a bad cold, sang with a delicate sense of style. The whole succeeding scene—the quintet, the septet and the Shakespearean duet for the lovers—is of the rarest and most ravishing beauty, and was finely realised at Oxford. The ensembles had been thoroughly rehearsed, and John Kentish, the Aeneas, after an uncertain beginning, was by this point singing clearly and well; but it was the Greek soprano, Arda Mandikian, who provided the greatest pleasure of the evening. She has hitherto been associated in England with highly convincing reconstructions of ancient Greek music, and it was brilliant of someone to realise that she would make a perfect Dido. Among the minor pleasures of a highly enjoyable evening, I must not omit David Galliver's lyrical performance of the young Phrygian sailor's song. Altogether, *Les Troyens* was a great achievement for the Opera Club, and a particular triumph for Professor Westrup, whose association with the Club goes back to its earliest days.

If *Les Troyens* is one of the hardest operas to stage, *The Barber of Seville* must be among the easiest; but at Sadler's Wells, Tyrone Guthrie, the producer, and Ruth Keating, the designer, have contrived to knock all the natural, humane vivacity out of Rossini's masterpiece. Beneath a grey sky, Rosina is immured in a house so "stylized" as to resemble an incomplete pre-fab; during "Una voce poco fa" she is made to play a hand of patience; in the first finale poor old Rossini is helped out by the desperate device of spinning a heavy chair on one leg. Need I add that there are Rugger scrums and playful kicks on the bottom? I wish some psychologist would inquire into the boyish fixations of our most "advanced" opera producers.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

RADIO NOTES

MR. MATTHEW HALTON'S programme, *Window on Yugoslavia*, based on a recent tour of that country with a recording van, was a first-rate piece of reporting. After a somewhat shaky, conventional start, Mr. Halton, who narrated his own programme, got himself clear of the voices of the plain men and intelligent women who had assailed him with plain and intelligent questions during the first five minutes of his script and soberly sketched a picture of the country as he had seen it. It carried conviction because it was sober and because Mr. Halton was careful not to claim too much. The recorded excerpts were kept down to a minimum and were the more effective because of that. I thought Mr. Halton brought home quite admirably the contrasts between the almost medieval conditions still existing in those parts of Yugoslavia that twenty-five years ago were still Turkish and the advanced technological society Tito is striving to build. The reconstructions of interviews that Mr. Halton had with cabinet ministers, doctors, priests and members of the professional classes were ingenious and fascinating; as they were presented, they ran the risk of sounding extraordinarily phoney; in fact, they bore the stamp of truth, mainly, I believe, because of Mr. Halton's evident impartiality. He has established himself from the beginning as a man whom one could trust, the first essential in any foreign correspondent. The high peak of a most interesting programme was the recording of an interview between Mr. Halton and Marshal Tito himself. This was absorbing, not so much because of what was said as for the glimpse it gave of the mechanics, as it were, of this kind of interview. Mr. Halton asked the stock questions, Tito gave the stock answers; but there was a third party to the conversation, the interpreter, and it was she who seized my imagination. I wish we could have known more about her.

In a not good week for drama—a serialisation of *Kenilworth* seems a poor thing to put on on Sunday afternoons—Karl Zuckmayer's *The Captain of Kopenick* at least promised to be agreeable. So, up to a point, it was; but it was scarcely strong enough to hold the attention for an hour and a half, partly, I think, because the story, amusing though it is, is essentially an anecdote, partly because of indecision in the production and most of the acting. As a satire on Prussian militarism, the love of a fine uniform, it was merely tepid. Mr. Bernard Miles never succeeded in establishing the identity of Voigt, the captain himself, perhaps because the writing of this part was thin or because the juice had run away in translation. But Miss Westbury and Mr. Richard Williams, as Frau and Mayor Obermuller, were brilliant: it was a lesson in radio acting to see how the play leapt into life whenever they were at the microphone. Which suggests that it was the acting that was mainly to blame for the apparent dimness of the play.

With Mr. Henn's talk on Yeats the Third Programme series *Poetry and Philosophy* has at last ended. It cannot be said to have been a wildly exciting series; when they succeeded the talks did so in despite of the over-riding title. For, as Mr. Henn disarmingly said: "It is the poetry that matters, and not what we can say about the philosophy." In other words, the idea behind the series was at fault. Where speakers attempted to deal with the philosophy of individual poets they had often, in doing so, to concentrate on somewhat inferior poetry. The series was, in fact, a good deal too pretentious, too steeped in its initial assumptions in "Lit." This did not mean that some of the talks were not excellent: I remember with vividness and gratitude Professor Tillotson on Pope and Professor James on Wordsworth. And on Yeats Mr. Henn was very good indeed. It is not now easy to find new things to say about Yeats, and Mr. Henn made no attempt to do so. But he very cogently presented the reasons for believing Yeats to be a great poet.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"The Man on the Eiffel Tower" and "She Shall Have Murder," at the Metropole, Victoria

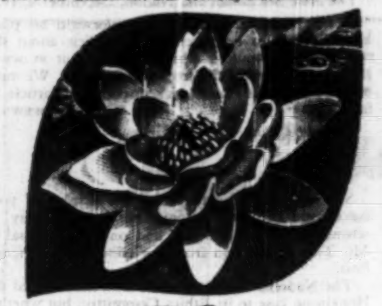
Season of Preston Sturges Films, at the Everyman

Have you a horror of heights on the screen? Do you, within the first few minutes—if it's *that sort of film*—find yourself scanning the horizon for eminences from which a hard-pressed character may fling himself? Oh, if the Tibetan convent had been situated anywhere but on the edge of a precipice! If psychoanalysts could eschew top floors, and elderly butterfly-collectors be kept from the temptation of warehouse ladders! If all gunmen and policemen would agree in the autumn on a flat season! But no, such miracles don't happen; fatally, irresistibly, boringly, to the gigolo as to the Lady Mayoress, will come a last-minute call—to the heights! to the heights!

This climbing infliction—which predisposes me, I find, to a partiality for films about bungalow towns—threatens us at the Metropole long before the film starts. Like Mr. Eliot's Gerontion, we have foreseen and suffered all. Man on the Eiffel Tower! Oh good lord, couldn't he break his leg on the way there? No, the title warns us: he *will* have his fling. So, with this dreariest of capers threatening us, we don't enjoy a Paris disguised by some colour process as much as we might have done. Old friends, in new anilines, are there: Inspector Laughton, delicately hippopotamic as ever; Franchot Tone, defying fate, the Inspector, and probability all in one (the Tower being, of course, *his* ambition); and Burgess Meredith, who scuttles through the streets at all hours in a red wig and specs., and, I'm sorry to say, has directed the whole thing. These three chase one another a good deal, chatting and swigging in cafés during the intervals, and when it comes to the Tower climb, Inspector Laughton (you may be relieved to hear) takes the lift. As film nonsense, I must admit that *The Man on the Eiffel Tower* isn't unentertaining.

But it has in it the possibility of something very much better: not unnaturally, perhaps, since it comes from a Simenon story, on which the filmmakers have raised their own Eiffel Tower. I remember the original as his good second-best; taken straight, and with a due appreciation of its subtle greys, it might have made a satisfying enough film—one to compare, say, with Duvivier's *Panique* (though he also played tricks with a climax). The half-witted suspect allowed to escape from prison and the murderer who badgers Maigret deserve to be tackled again, on Simenon's level.

In the same programme a Kensington solicitor's office provides the suspects after an eccentric client round the corner has been murdered. The humours of *She Shall Have Murder* are, on the whole, rather endearing; Miss Rosamund John brings a cool charm to the amateur novelist who finds her novel developing under her eyes, and no one feels impelled to shin up the frontage of Barker's. Within its gentle, improbable limits



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(one fears a revolution in the behaviour of office-boys), I enjoyed this film, which gets some fun out of its neighbourhood.

The Marx Brothers occupation of the Everyman is followed by a short season of Preston Sturges. *Sullivan's Travels*—that most delightful of all picaresque films—will have come and gone by the time these notes appear. The others are *Hail the Conquering Hero, The Lady Eve,* and *The Miracle of Morgan's Creek.* Why not also the ever-amusing *Palm-Beach Story,* and *The Great McGinty,* which I have not succeeded in seeing yet? If Sturges's last Technicolor howl is any indication of the way he is going, we shall come to value these earlier pieces more and more.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Lennox Berkeley's "Sinfonietta"

Joan Moore, pianist, and the London Chamber Orchestra, conducted by Anthony Bernard, recently presented at the Wigmore Hall an exceptionally attractive programme, of which a new Sinfonietta by Lennox Berkeley was the centrepiece. Written as a parergon during the composition of a full-scale opera on the subject of Nelson and Lady Hamilton, the Sinfonietta has the dash and gaiety of a holiday task; perhaps it is not too fanciful to feel that a fresh nautical breeze blows through its opening *allegro.* At a first hearing, this seemed the finest of the three movements: the themes are attractive, the scoring uncommonly free, and the composition apparently dictated by a single irresistible impulse. The slow movement begins well, but ventures into waters which are perhaps too deep and too troubled for the remainder of the happy work; the finale, with much bright woodwind writing in chords of the eleventh and the thirteenth, restored the balance. Of Fauré's lovely *Ballade* Joan Moore gave a sensitive and fluent performance, except for some rather heavy accentuation in the E flat minor section. In a Mozart concerto (the F major, K.459) her good taste and clean passage work were sometimes obscured by the conductor's tendency to take the fast movements too fast, and by the weight of the orchestral tone. The resonant Wigmore Hall sets difficult problems of orchestral balance, but Mr. Bernard might have done more to secure real *pianissimi* from his players.

D. S.-T.

Teresa and Luisillo, at the Saville Theatre

Admirers of Carmen Amaya will remember these two dancers as spectacular ornaments to her company. Her virago turbulence found just the right contrast in their more modest fireworks. Since they were last in London, however, they have seceded from her; and for all the high finish of their technique. Teresa and Luisillo seem a little flat on their own. Carmen Amaya's extempore effects may have been the fruits of constant study and rehearsal, but she always *looked* a spontaneous dancer. By comparison Teresa and Luisillo appear cold and over-polished. Their choreography is more adulterated even than Amaya's; it is certainly more genteel. Also they make so many concessions to a popular notion of what is Spanish that they defeat their own ends. Their *Malaguena* recalls nothing so much as a cabaret sequence in an early film of George Raft's. Again and again they come together in a parody of haughty passion; eyebrows superciliously raised, mouths glued together, they revolve in slow, serpentine steps—all this to tea-time tunes suitable to a Palm Court orchestra. And yet what accomplished dancers, what excellent entertainers they can be; in their *Castillano,* for example, so long as one overlooks an agonisingly arch ending! Luisillo's *Zoringo,* too, is a *tour de force,* while Queti Clavijo proves herself in *Fiesta Gitana* to be a promising dancer. Apart from a spirited *corps de ballet,* this company is padded out with a couple of singers and a virtuoso guitarist who keeps his playing as expressionless as his face. His deadpan performance of traditional airs coupled with onomatopoeic tricks may be phenomenal; it has little to do with music. He, like the rest of the company, received rapturous applause. One feels that the Saville Theatre is too large for what is essentially a cabaret entertainment, while an evening of it is too long.

R. J.

Correspondence

THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

SIR,—Please let me thank Mr. Francis Williams for his clear reply to my question what exactly he thinks the proposed Press Council should do. He would have it intervene in such a dispute as that between Mr. Hulton, proprietor, and Mr. Hopkinson, editor, about an article written for *Picture Post* accusing our allies, the South Koreans, of atrocities. Mr. Williams expands this opinion by contending that the Press Council should be "an independent professional court of appeal" to which could be submitted for judgment "any case where matters of principle arise which deeply affect the public interest."

I can speak with some knowledge of the response that newspaper owners and editors would make to Mr. Williams's proposal. As soon as the Report of the Royal Commission on the Press came out, I began a large number of speeches and writings in which I asked my colleagues to consider whether we could support a Press Court of Honour. I thought and still think that a Press Council would be of great value in defending the freedom of the Press, now so often assailed, and in dealing with some of the newspaper misdeeds occasionally reported. Soon it became clear, among provincial journalists at least, that if ever we were to have a Court of Honour, it must be based on a detailed code and on acceptance throughout journalism. It would be useless to set up a tribunal of elder statesmen of journalism or a nicely balanced delegation from the Press unions and employers' societies and tell these gentlemen to go ahead with their own unaided judgment on whatever questions came before them. If they are to administer a new professional law, they must know what that law is. Mr. Williams is tantalisingly obscure on this obvious need. Though calling fervently for justice, he does not tell us how it could be reached in the Hopkinson case, the occasion of his first letter. What jurisdictional guidance would he lay down for his tribunal?

Mr. Lionel Birch, of *Picture Post,* who presumably knows the facts, says it was apparently the timing, not the contents of the Korean article that Mr. Hulton disapproved. It will seem mysterious to the general reader that all this trouble should have arisen over the best time to publish a certain article. It looks as if Mr. Hulton regarded the question from the point of view of a political thinker, afraid of unsettling his own side at a tense moment, while Mr. Hopkinson looked at it from the point of view of the journalist, eager to break into print as soon as possible. Both newspaper magnates and newspaper editors, accustomed to taking decisive action and enforcing their own ideas, are inclined to become autocratic. In all probability the dispute before us arose out of a clash of two autocrats.

If so, what could an independent professional tribunal do about it? The obvious thing is to suggest that these two very worthy and able men should shake hands and resume working together. But how could any tribunal force either to yield? If their conflicting principles are so strong, how can one blame Mr. Hulton for preferring another editor, or Mr. Hopkinson for preferring another employer, whom he, with his brilliant gifts, will, I hope, quickly find.

What Mr. Williams has to say about *The Times* may give some readers a false impression. I agree that John Walter II was a most outstanding business leader, and that Barnes and Delane were editors of the utmost distinction. That does not prove that proprietors should stick to the counting house and never try to supervise their editors. John Walter II very properly dismissed one editor, Dr. Stoddart. As for John Walter III, G. W. Smalley wrote that "Mr. Delane's hand was more constantly on the helm, but when the course of the ship had to be determined, Mr Walter's was the deciding voice. In the last resort he was *The Times.*" The facts are that editorial power has often been exercised by proprietors, usually to the great good of the public. What was wrong, ethically, with Lord Northcliffe's editorial interventions, which helped to save *The Times* from shipwreck? What was wrong with C. P. Scott, of the *Manchester Guardian,* who was both proprietor and editor?

If Mr. Williams wants to press forward his plan, he will have to be much more explicit about the restrictions he would like his tribunal to put on newspaper owners who differ from their editors. We must not accept proprietorial wickedness as an article of faith.

W. L. ANDREWS

Yorkshire Post,
Leeds, 1.

SIR,—In recent issues you and a number of your correspondents have commented on the delay in setting up a Press Council and on the dismissal of Mr. Tom Hopkinson from the editorship of *Picture Post.*

The National Union of Journalists has referred the Hopkinson case to its Ethics Committee, but whether it is a case which could be suitably brought before a Press Council, if one existed, is a question which many of us do not feel able to answer in advance. The Union is not pledged to support the doctrine of the infallibility of editors any more than it believes in the divine right of proprietors.

There is, however, reason to suppose that some proprietors still believe in that divine right and that this is expressing itself in the extraordinary delay in taking steps which are necessary if a voluntary Press Council is to be set up.

In its report the Royal Commission on the Press made recommendations which cannot be implemented without joint consultation within the industry because they are the joint concern of proprietors, editors and working journalists alike. Recognising this, the N.U.J., which represents the vast majority of working journalists in this country, wrote to the newspaper proprietors' organisations 13 months ago seeking joint discussions. Not a single meeting has taken place.

In view of this the Union recently gave warning that it would not accept a situation in which the proprietors forwarded to Parliament proposals for a Press Council which did not represent the considered opinion of the different organisations concerned. This has brought, at last, a reply that any proprietorial proposals which may be made will be submitted to the Union. But submission does not necessarily imply discussion. It is far from clear whether the proprietors will ever enter into discussions with the Union or with the Institute of Journalists or the Guild of Editors.

The proprietors' behaviour and their "lack of urgency" is the more remarkable because the principle of establishing a Press Council has been approved not only by the Union, the Institute and the Guild, but by majority votes of the Newspaper Proprietors' Association and the Newspaper Society themselves. It is true that the majority in the Newspaper Society was small and that its president is averse to a Press Council—as are some members of the committee on the subject set up by the proprietors last year.

Uncertainty as to the newspaper proprietors' intentions has been increased by rumours that the proprietors proposed to claim the right to appoint the journalist members of any Press Council which might be set up. It is said they will approve such a council only if they have an overwhelming majority of seats on it and the professional organisations are restricted to "token representation" by co-option.

I do not know the strength of these rumours, but I can say that the National Union of Journalists will not accept such arrogant proposals which could lead only to a Press Council composed of proprietors and proprietors' stooges.

I have always held that it should be possible for the newspaper industry to improve its standards by agreement within its own ranks, and that a Press Council should not be narrowly concerned only with ethics. I still hope that this point of view may find support.

But we have to face the possibility that powerful forces within the proprietors' organisations are insisting on putting forward proposals which are known to be unacceptable so that they can say: "There you are. The working journalists who asked for a Press Council have now turned it down."

HENRY J. BRADLEY, *President*

National Union of Journalists.

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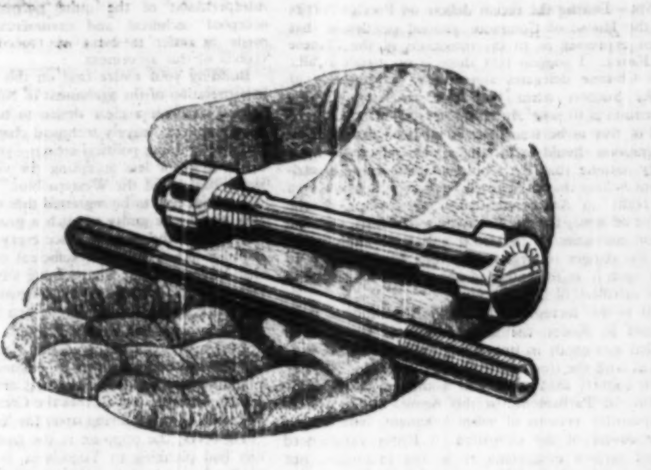

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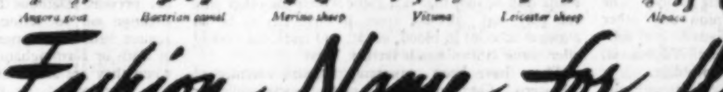

The Fashion Name for Wool

WHOSE AGGRESSION?

SIR,—During the recent debate on Foreign Affairs in the House of Commons general puzzlement has been expressed as to the intentions of the Chinese in Korea. I suggest that there is no puzzle at all: the Chinese delegates stated their case plainly at Lake Success when they said that the Chinese intention is to *repel American aggression*.

For this to be true there is no need that such an aggression should in fact have taken place; we must only assume that the Chinese Communist Government *believe* that the United Nations' action in Korea is really an American attempt to displace, by the force of arms, the present regime in China, and that their conviction is so strong and their appreciation of the danger so urgent that they have resolved to act upon it, to the extent of engaging in the risks and the sacrifices of a major war.

It is not incredible that, in the conduct of their affairs in Korea, the United Nations should have failed so signally in impressing the Chinese Government with the true nature of their intentions. In our own country many men and women in the Government, in Parliament, in the Army, in journalism, responsible persons of sober judgment, have during the course of the campaign in Korea experienced most serious misgivings as to the intentions, not indeed of the United Nations nor of the Government of the United States, but of the military commanders on the spot. It is not altogether unthinkable that the Chinese, watching events from the other side of the fence and prepared anyway to believe the worst, should have come to the conclusion that they are threatened with an armed attempt against their regime. No doubt their Russian friends will not have failed to remind the Chinese of similar attempts made against the Bolsheviks after their revolution.

If my interpretation is correct, the Chinese are not concerned about the political status of Korea: their aim is to push the American troops out of the country and to prevent them from holding a base on the mainland of Eastern Asia. It is to be hoped that the United Nations (and their advisers) will take a realistic view of these facts: at the point which has now been reached brave words are unlikely to convince the Chinese of their mistake, hard fighting might well confirm them in their resolve, and self-righteousness will not provide the United Nations with an easy way out of their troubles.

It might well be found that two courses only are open to the United Nations: fight it out with the Chinese until complete military victory has been achieved or withdraw altogether from Korea as early and as gracefully as possible. POPSKI

31 Cliveden Place, S.W.1. LT.-COL. V. PENIAKOFF

AID FOR TITO

SIR,—Allow me to comment on your observations on the recent American Yugoslav credit agreement.

(1) You say that the agreement of November 21 is "primarily a military" one, and then proceed to add that "a sum of £10^5 million is to be made available by Washington (to Yugoslavia) and is to be used in such a way—in the words of the agreement (so states your comment)—as to prevent the weakening of their (the Yugoslavs') national defence."

However, the sum involved in the agreement of November 21 is but a small fraction of the total of £10^5 million credits which Yugoslavia asked from the United States to cover a wide range of food purchases. These credits are still a matter for the Congress to approve. Should they be approved, however, they will still cover but a part of the losses in food suffered through last summer's drought.

The agreement of November 21, in fact, provides for an immediate purchase by Yugoslavia of certain quantities of food. These purchases of "butter instead of guns" can hardly be considered as of "military" character, though, naturally, Yugoslavia like any other country has the right and duty to feed its citizens who happened to be in the Army. The obvious purpose of the Soviet Union and other Cominform countries is to starve Yugoslavia into submission—both its citizens and its army. Yugoslavia, however, seems to be quite right not to oblige.

(2) Furthermore, you asserted that "through the agreement of November 21 Yugoslavia has accepted some sort of American Control Commission." You supported this statement by a completely unjustified interpretation of the quite normal and generally accepted technical and commercial arrangements made in order to carry out successfully the provisions of this agreement.

Building your entire case on this quite inaccurate interpretation of the agreement of November 21—and indeed showing a clear desire to turn matters of a purely and exclusively technical character into something resembling political strings—you, in fact, ended up in more or less accepting the view that "Yugoslavia has joined the Western bloc."

It is, indeed, to be regretted that the NEW STATESMAN should be guilty of such a gross misrepresentation of fact, the more so since every student of international affairs will find sufficient evidence to prove that Yugoslavia, far from joining any blocs, is in fact investing all her efforts to safeguard its own independence as well as to strengthen the peace in the world through the United Nations.

(3) Finally, you observed that "the hostility of the Cominform countries can be blamed neither for bad planning nor for the dwindling area under cultivation." In other words, that the Cominform economic blockade had no bearing upon the Yugoslav economy.

However, the opposite is the truth. If there was any bad planning in Yugoslavia, it was mainly due to the fact that too many capital investment agreements were concluded with the Cominform countries or, better said, that Yugoslav planners did not expect to have to deal with an economic blockade on the part of the Cominform states. What kind of "good planning" would, in the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION'S view, compensate for the failure of the Cominform countries to supply us—as promised—with some £400 million worth of capital investment goods? The non-arrival of these goods—by far more damaging to Yugoslavia's economy than the mere stoppage of the normal trade—created a gap in the country's productive capacity. In turn it reflected itself on the country's agriculture since the industry could not provide the farms with machinery, nor indeed supply the market with the consumer goods as planned. The "hostility" of the Cominform countries which you mention was tantamout to a complete economic blockade. This fact and not any "dwindling area under cultivation" is responsible for the immediate shortages of food.

A. SOKORAC, *Press Counsellor*

Embassy of Yugoslavia.

[As consistent friends of Tito's Yugoslavia, we hope Mr. Sokorac is right that the acceptance of American aid, which we agree Yugoslavia could not avoid, has carried with it no political strings; but we are sure that, as a Marxist, he will agree that, if this is so, it is unusual. We were far from suggesting that the Cominform economic blockade had "no bearing" on the present economic difficulties of Yugoslavia. On the contrary, it is one very important cause. Last summer's terrible drought is a second and, as we remarked last week, some deficiencies of Yugoslav planning is a third.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

GERMANS AND THEIR GENERALS

SIR,—Would rearmament be "worth the Germans' while" if a "vigorous and victorious strategic offensive," launched by a sufficient strength of Panzer divisions, offered the prospect of regaining their lost territories in the East? L. R. Murray thinks that "my" man in the (German) street would support such a proposition. I beg to differ. True, the loss of Breslau is a running sore. But it is one thing to bemoan it, and quite another to try redemption by plunging into a suicidal adventure. Moreover, when applauding "the German generals who conceive of an Atlantic Pact force of armoured divisions capable of taking instant offensive action," Mr. Murray may be over-optimistic. Being no military expert I couldn't say. But he certainly forgets one point when he banks on the vaunted *Realpolitik* of German generals. After all, if it is to be a matter of bribing the Germans into action, that is a game which the other side can play, too. Breslau apart, if there has to be an expense account in blood, sweat, and tears, they could offer some bribes much farther West.

There have been persistent rumours recently of "Eastern" German generals paying social calls on their ex-comrades in the western *Bruderschaften*. It is well to bear in mind that ideological differences between them are skin-deep, and that for most of them their respective present position is due to the accident whether, in the spring of 1945, they happened to be captured near Frankfurt on Main or Frankfurt on Oder. HEINRICH FRAENKEL

CLOSER ASSOCIATION

SIR,—The projected conference on "closer association" between the Central African territories of Southern Rhodesia, Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland is a deplorable development. Its very contemplation by the Government is a betrayal of African interests. For whatever safeguards may be imposed the end result will be the same—the extension, and domination over all others, of the most reactionary attitudes and policies—namely those of Southern Rhodesia, which differs little from South Africa in this field. A glance in fact at the fate of the slightly more liberal Cape colour policy under Union will discover demonstration of the principle. The Whites of Southern Rhodesia are the most numerous, the most prosperous, and the most politically experienced in all the three territories; in any case the White settlers in the other two are in sympathy with them, and indeed the whole scheme is transparently a move towards an arrangement whereby the African in those parts can be exploited even more freely than is possible at present. This will be the inevitable result of any concessions on the part of the Government, and the decision not to consult African opinion till "the next stage" is certainly not going to help avoid it.

The objection, however, is not merely that some three million more people will be brought irrevocably under the kind of colour policy in which the Union is the leader in Southern Africa. It is also, and this is more important, that the building up in Africa of a counter-block to this policy will be seriously impaired. The northern boundary of Southern Rhodesia is at present the boundary of this policy—not a very sharp boundary, for the Crown Colonial territories to the north are potentially rather than actually opposed—but a boundary still. "Closer association" will move the frontier of White South Africanism hundreds of miles northward. This country's Socialist Government has committed itself to the "containment" of Communism in various parts of the world. What about the containment of Malanism—Smutsism, Hugginsism, call it what you like—in Africa?

Emmanuel College, Cambridge. M. M. CARLIN

ATLANTIC AWARDS

SIR,—It is encouraging to see Mr. Pritchett, in his column on the Atlantic Awards, continue his campaign to help the living writer earn a living wage in Britain; but it is discouraging to see that he has fallen for the proposed obscene tax on classics in order to raise funds within the profession for the perpetuation of literature.

Why tax the classics? Who buys them? Not the general public, but the writer himself. For the classics are the tools of his trade, and the more serious (i.e., less saleable) the writer the more necessary he finds those tools. A tax on the classics simply means that the serious writer will be taxed for his own perpetuation.

We want a tax that gets at the non-cultural manifestation of writing: best-sellers; newspapers, etc. Obviously the thing required is a tax that permits the writer to earn no more than, say, £1,000 a year. His earnings are untaxable until that sum is reached; and afterwards the tax is confiscatory. These taxes are to be distributed among published poets and other serious writers in such wise as to assure them of minimum annual incomes of £500. I do not insist on the figures.

This plan has much more merit than Mr. Pritchett's anti-cultural one—a plan obviously concocted and supported by the same cretinoid simians who originally showed their hatred of literature by the present infamous tax. My plan is at once an effective aid to serious writing and a hefty kick against bad. How many maiden ladies in Brighton or Bath or Birmingham are likely to take up the pen when they are aware of the paucity of the rewards? Not very many. As Ezra Pound said a long time ago: "The worse a book is, the more it ought to cost."

D. D. PAIGE

Books in General

THE discovery of cache after cache of Boswell's manuscripts, journals and letters at Malahide and Fettercairn between 1925 and 1948 is one of the truly extraordinary events in the history of English letters. It gave us the original journal of the Tour to the Hebrides, before the war and now we have a totally new manuscript, appearing one hundred and eighty-odd years after it was written. This is the London Journal* which Boswell wrote in 1762 and 1763 when, twenty-three years old, he came to London to get a commission in the Guards and, failing in that, met the man who was to be his god, his subject and his insurance of fame. What, we wonder, will be the state of our old editions of the *Life* of Johnson when the manuscripts yet to be seen are published? The *Life* has been a kind of lay scripture to the English, containing, as it does, thought in our favourite, pragmatic form, that is to say, masticated by character. The book has been less a biography than a sort of parliamentary dialogue containing a thundering government and an adoring and obliging opposition. It will be strange if the proverbial and traditional characters are altered, though in the last generation the clownish Boswell has risen in esteem, and beyond Macaulay's derision, changing indeed from the burr on the Doctor's coat-tails into an original blossom of the psychological hothouse.

Here we get on the dangerous ground of Plutarchian contrast. If Boswell created himself, we must never forget that Johnson made that possible. We lean to Boswell now because we have been bred on psychologists rather than philosophers, and love to see a man drowning in his own contradictions and self-exposures. The Doctor, who believed in Virtue, believed inevitably in suppression, where we have been taught that it is immoral to hide anything. Boswell's very lack of foundation, his lack of judgment, are seen merely as the price he pays for the marvellous fluidity, transparency and curiosity of his nature. Dilapidation is his genius. Yet if Boswell is a genius we cannot forget that the Doctor is a saint, a man of richer and more sombre texture than his parasite. He is a father-figure, but not in the mechanical fashion of psychological definition; he is a father-figure enlarged by the religious attribute of tragedy. It was a tragic apprehension that was above all necessary for the steadying of Boswell's fluctuating spirit and for the sustaining of his sympathetic imagination.

The marvel is that at the age of 23 Boswell was already turning this gift upon himself in the *Journal*. Professor Pottle, his lively American editor, thinks that his detachment is more complete than that of Pepys or Rousseau. Boswell's picture of himself has indeed the accidental and unforeseeable quality of life which better organised, more sapient or more eloquent natures lose the moment they put pen to paper. Boswell's detachment comes from naivety and humility. He was emotionally surprised by himself. To one who had been knocked off his balance by a severe Presbyterian upbringing the world is bound to be a surprising place. To those who have lived under intense pressure, what happens afterwards is a miracle and release is an historical event. If the will has been destroyed by a parent like Lord Auchinleck, it may be replaced by a shiftless melancholy, an abeyance of spirits, and from that bewilderment all life afterwards will seem an unreckonable hallucination, when a high-blooded young man engages ingenuously with it.

There is an obscure period in Boswell's youth when he joined the Roman Catholic Church. We do not know whether passion, giddiness, his irrational fears, or his tendency to melancholy, moved him to this step. But native canniness got him out of the scrape which socially and materially would have been a disaster in that age and we can be grateful that the confessional did not assuage what Puritan diarising has preserved. For that confession contains more than an account of his sins; it contains his sillinesses, his vanities, moods, snobberies, the varying temperatures of his aspirations. "I have a genius for Physick," he says. For what did he not think he had a genius? If only he could find out how to develop it! No symptom was too small when he studied the extraordinary illness, the remarkable fever, the very illusion of being a Self, James Boswell.

Exhibitionism? Vanity? The *Journal* was not private. It was posted every week to a friend, one of the inevitable devotions of the hero-worshipper. It is amazing that a young man should be an ass with such art, that judgment should not sprout anywhere. How rare to see a fool persisting in folly to the point of wisdom. One of the earliest comedies in the book is his lamentable affair with the actress Louisa. Calculation is at the bottom of it. Meanness runs through it, yet it is an exquisitely defenceless tale. In time he hoped to have a mistress who was a woman of fashion, but social inexperience and poverty—he is wonderfully stingy, a real hungry Scot of the period—held him back. As an actress Louisa could cheaply create the illusion of the woman of fashion. All this is innocently revealed later by introspection; at the beginning he is all fine feeling. To emphasise the fineness of the feeling, he astutely points out, in his first timid advances to Louisa, that love is above monetary considerations. Presently he begins to believe his own propaganda: he is in love and so much so he lends the woman £2. In the seduction, his sexual powers at first disappoint and then suddenly surpass anything he (or Lousia) has ever heard of. The next time he has a shock. Love has vanished. He is an unstable character. Presently he discovers she has introduced him to the "Signor Gonorrhea." Despair, rage, moral indignation—can he have left the path of Virtue?—hard bargainings with the surgeon, melancholy, the ridicule of friends, nothing to do but to stay at home and read Hume's *History*. Philosophy calms him until the surgeon sends his bill. (In the matter of cash, the dissolving selves of Boswell always come together with certainty.) He writes to Louisa, points out what she has cost him, and asks for his £2 back, and says he is being generous. The doctor's bill was £5:

> Thus ended my intrigue with the fair Louisa which I flattered myself so much with and from which I expected at least a winter's safe copulation.

To be so transparent, thinking neither of the impression he makes upon himself nor of the figure he will cut before his friend, is possibly to be fatuous. But Boswell's fatuousness which seems to arise from a lack of will or centre in his life is inspired. Instead of will, Boswell had that mysterious ingredient of the soul, so admired in the age of sensibility: "my genius," or, as we would say, his Id. On that point only is his *amour propre* unyielding. Drowning in midstream, unable to reach the shore of Virtue and swept back into Vice and Folly, he clings to the straw of his "genius" and spins round and round until, what is he but a frantic work of art?

"How well I write!" he exclaims after flattering a peer in six lines of doggerel. How wonderfully facetious he is with the Earl, how wonderful are "the sallies of my luxuriant imagination."

> How easily and cleverly do I write just now! I am really pleased with myself, words come skipping to me like lambs upon Moffat Hill; and I turn my periods smoothly and imperceptibly like a skilful wheelwright turning tops in a turning loom. There's a fancy! There's a simile.

Sheridan punctures him brutally, but Garrick comes along:

> "Sir," said he, "you will be a great man. And when you are so, remember the year 1763. I want to contribute my part towards saving you. And pray, will you fix a day when I shall have the pleasure of treating you with tea." I fixed the next day. "Then Sir," said he, "the cups shall dance and the saucers skip."

Like Moffat lambs, no doubt; fancy has been at work on Garrick's talk. Boswell continues innocently:

> What he meant by my being a great man I can understand. For really, to speak seriously, I think there is a blossom about me of something more distinguished than the generality of mankind.

If only it can be left to grow, instead of being chilled by "my melancholy temper" and dishevelled by "my imbecility of mind." The extraordinary thing is that a man so asinine should be so right.

The words of a bewildered middle-aged man? No, we have to remind ourselves, of a coxcomb of 23. Hypochondria, as well as the prose manner of the time, has doubled his age. "Taking care of oneself is amusing," he says, filling his spoon with medicine. Life is an illness we must enjoy. In goes the thermometer at every instance. How is the genius for greatness? How is the fever for getting into the Guards, for chasing after English peers and avoiding the Scottish—if their accents are still bad—the fever for the theatre, for planning one's life, for wrecking the plan by pursuit of "monstrous" whores or by fanciful fornication on Westminster Bridge; the fever for wit; for being like Mr. Addison; for a trip down the river, for lashings of beef, for cutting down his expenses and for freedom from error and in-fidelity in the eyes of Providence? Boswell goes round London with his biography hanging out of his mouth like the tongue of a panting dog, until the great climax comes. "I am glad we have met," says the Doctor and the dog with the genius beneath the skin has found its master.

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* *Boswell's London Journal*. Edited by Professor Frederick A. Pottle. *Heinemann*. 21s.

Boswell's picture of life in London drawing-rooms, coffee-houses, taverns and streets is wonderful. It is done by a man much alone and such make the best observers—to whom every word heard is precious. Listening to the plays, listening to the ordinary talk at Child's, he makes his first experiment in that dramatic dialogue which later was to give the *Life* its crowning quality. His ear is humble at Child's:

> 1st citizen: Pray, doctor, what became of that patient of yours? Was not her skull fractured?
>
> Physician: Yes. To pieces. However I got her cured.
>
> 2nd citizen: Good Lord!

Transparency is his gift of nature; affectability turns it into art and industry, above all, fashions it. For Boswell stumbled soon upon the vital discovery that experience is three parts hallucination, when he made up his diary, not drily on the spot but three or four days late. He had, as his present American editor shrewdly points out, a little foreknowledge. His "genius" taught him to prepare the way for surprises which the reader could not know. It is one of his cunning strokes—he had not been at the theatre for nothing—to repeat to Louisa, at the calamitous end of the affair, the words she had primly used at the beginning of it: "Where there is no confidence, there is no bond." And he is plotting, too, for that moment—surely handed to him by his Genius and not by Life—when she will send his £2 back in a plain envelope without a word. To illustrate, no doubt, his genius for stinginess. This edition is ably edited for the general Anglo-American reader; an informative introduction guides him through the few obscurities, sets the background of Boswell's situation, especially the obscure business of his failure to get into the Guards, and places the main personalities. By the end, when the Doctor comes, the *Journal* overlaps the *Life*, but until then this is new Boswell, disordered and unbosomed.

V. S. PRITCHETT

BOATS ON THE ROUND POND

Destroyers arrowing the water, whose slate
Surface carries the clouds in plastic,
And this surpliced Sunday of October
Lets autumn through the starting gate:

Dogs tear, demons at their back, terriers
Like torpedoes through long grass; model boats
Throw out their sails like chests, turning
To windward in a morning that floats

Chaperoning parents, iconoclastic swans, then
Leaves crunched underfoot, the first dead
Crackle of winter; and boat-houses, band-stands
Write Gothic signatures in a sky of lead.

A tanker lies idle at the pond's edge,
Behind it Bayswater light-headed with kites,
And rust seems to move on a string
Over trees, freckled in weak sunlight.

Barges, merchantmen, a traffic of cruisers
Make urgent journeys through bruised water
And eyes now are magnetised by a galleon,
Sails matriarchal, a dinghy astern like a daughter.

ALAN ROSS

BROKEN COLUMNS

The Unreturning Spring. By JAMES FARRAR. Edited by HENRY WILLIAMSON. *Williams & Norgate.* 15s.

Joy of Youth. Letters of PATRICK HORE-RUTHVEN *Peter Davies.* 10s. 6d.

Seeking to obtain another copy of *The Unreturning Spring* at a leading London bookshop a week after publication, I was told that they had never heard of it. A few days later, when I happened to be visiting the Cornish village of Manaccan, where James Farrar once worked on a farm, I astonished the farmer by showing him the book, with its frontispiece unmistakably identifying the author as his ex-farmhand: "What," he said, "Jim? He wrote this?" Neither of these incidents would be remarkable were it not that Richard Church and Henry Williamson have both declared Farrar to be beyond question a genius, Richard Aldington has described him as "a young man of astonishing quality" and Walter de la Mare has added his own high tribute. Who, then, is this James Farrar, who is at the same moment so much praised and so little known? He is dead. He was killed in 1944 when shooting down a flying-bomb over the Channel. He was not yet twenty-one. Everything of value that he wrote is contained in this small book. There are a score of poems, three or four short stories, a number of autobiographical sketches from his journal and many extracts from letters to his mother. Only on this slender evidence can he be judged. It is almost, but not quite, enough: not quite, because, of what there is, much is so astonishingly good that it raises and leaves unanswered many questions which one would not ask about a lesser writer.

Farrar himself was without any conceit. "At present," he wrote, "all I want is material on which to practice scribbling." He swings at ideas like a man trying out a new tennis-racquet, playing with the flight of sentences and the fall of words:

> Three different bells toll midnight, and in the silence afterwards the dark earth and sky droop in a dead calm: beneath the unwinking constellations and the great scarf of the Milky Way I wait with hardly a breath, feeling, rather than hearing, something like the whisper of the blood in my eardrums. It is the guns in France.

That, written at the age of sixteen, with no literary background and no friendly critic to mould his taste, is some cause for wonder. Or take, from among his more finished miniatures, the story *Episode in August*, which describes a child teasing her grandfather as he lies back, dead, in a deck-chair. The child does not know he is dead; nor is the reader directly told so; for the whole incident is seen through the eyes of the child. It is a sketch of wonderful and terrifying originality. It seems, however, that Farrar's talent temporarily ebbed when he joined the R.A.F. in 1942. He went through a phase of coarsening and toughening. His letters of this period would have been better left out of a book from which the author's personality, though obviously likeable, emerges as so much less interesting than his literary gift. One sighs for his loss of spontaneity; and then, when suddenly he found in flight and danger something of the freshness of those earlier summer days in Cornwall, it returned. He sees from a new angle the night-sky with its stars:

> Always we fly towards them, but nothing about them ever changes. The same sea waits beneath us. We are heading for Nowhere, and we never get any nearer.

It is impossible to reach a formal verdict on a writer who died so young and left so little; unnecessary, surely, to label him "genius" or merely "precocious." "I certainly couldn't write a book at present," he said of himself near the end of his life; and without a book there is no sure guide to his sense of balance or his powers of sustained creation. Here we have a dozen firm, light bridges thrown gracefully across a net of streams: but could he span a river? We do not know. Even less should James Farrar be dubbed as "representative" of this or that. "An authentic voice of those who fell in the war, and of those who survived," says Henry Williamson, lapsing uncharacteristically into the words of a conventional obituary. In what way "authentic"? Farrar seldom expressed any general ideas about life, and when he did so, they were usually rather trite. At the other extreme, it is true that he flung himself unceasingly into the R.A.F. world of beer-parties and dates with W.A.A.F.s, for he was popular and gay; but these were not the things he cared to write about. His "voice" was exceptionally personal, typical of no group or generation; the voice of a young man who loved language and was groping for perfection in its use.

In another category, and far more "authentic" because so comparatively artless, are the letters of Patrick Hore-Ruthven, who was killed in the Western Desert. In *Joy of Youth* they are well strung together on a slender narrative of his life, and reveal a man of fine courage and charming personality. I have only two criticisms. First, there is but one illustration, and that of Patrick Hore-Ruthven as a very young boy And second, it was perhaps a pity to have included so many of his early letters, for schoolboy high-spirits do not bottle well except in small quantities, and the polysyllabic humour of our undergraduate days ("I trust that my Gubernatorial Progenitor is enjoying excellent condition") brings a blush to our cheeks only very few years afterwards. But any tendency for the stranger to carp at these innocent family jokes fades when he begins to read Patrick Hore-Ruthven's later letters written from the Middle East. His love of adventure, his feeling for poetry and his heart-broken longing for his wife and family combined to bring out everything that was best in his character and writing. At the height of his fine maturity, he met a brave death many miles behind the enemy lines:

NIGEL NICOLSON

THE AGE OF TERROR

Testament for Social Science. By BARBARA WOOTTON. *Allen & Unwin.* 15s.

Essays in Social Theory. By G. D. H. COLE. *Macmillan.* 15s.

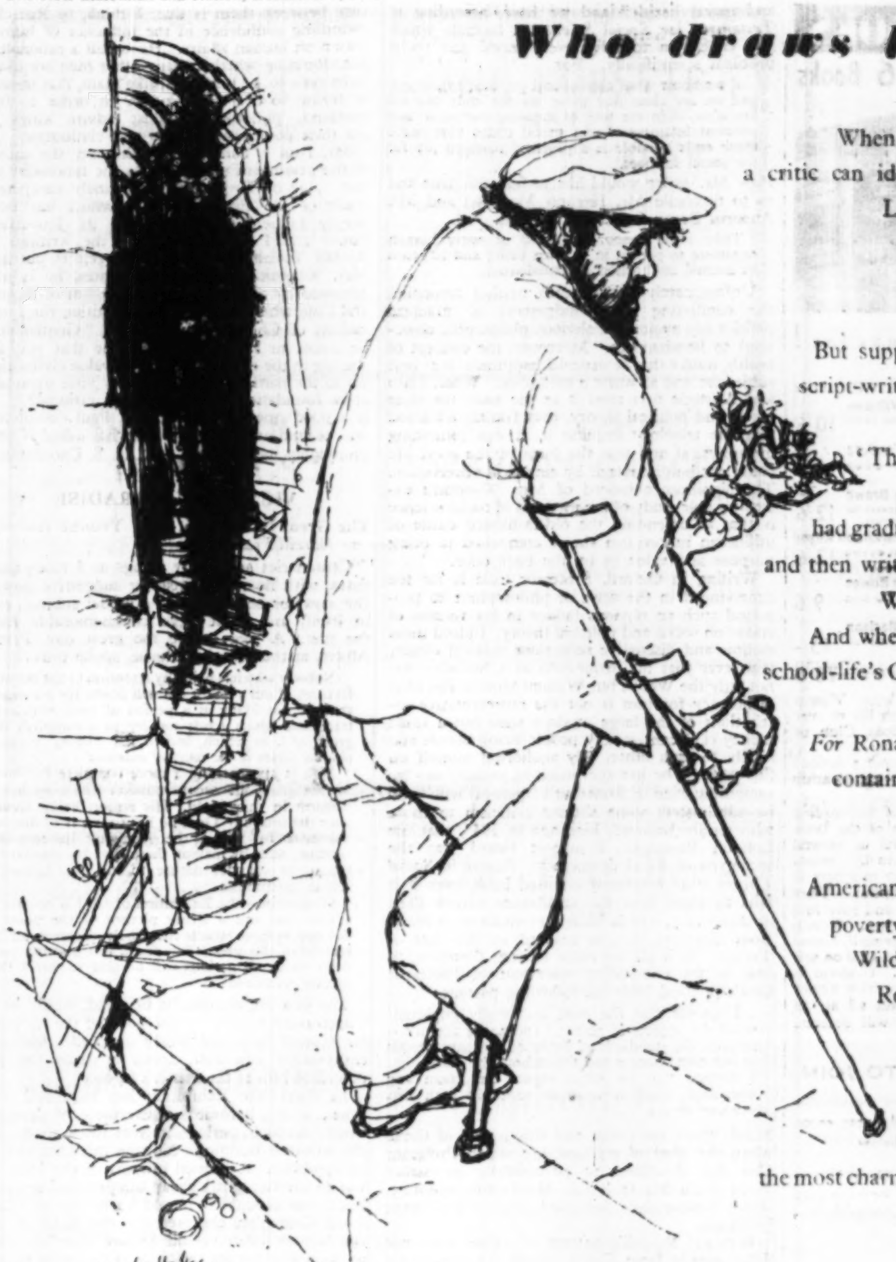
Unpopular Essays. By BERTRAND RUSSELL. *Allen & Unwin.* 8s. 6d.

Age of Terror. By LESLIE PAUL. *Faber.* 18s.

Finding the right answer is relatively easy; what is really difficult is to ask the right question. Is our crisis merely the latest phase of capitalism's contradictions? Is it due to the concentration of power in a nation state, which knows no higher law than the survival of the most totalitarian? Or is the crisis below the level of politics? In that case, is its cause the collapse of Christian belief in a transcendent deity or the survival of superstition in defiance of scientific method? Once the postulates, whether explicit or implicit, of our thought and behaviour are accepted, the right answers flow logically from them; and each set of answers can make nonsense very cheerfully of all the others. Feeling, rather uneasily, that the postulates themselves need to be re-examined, we are all forced in "the age of terror" to become philosophers—or theologians.

In this sense these four books are all philosophical; and, because they spring from extreme doubt and anxiety, none of them could have been written before 1914 Even Mrs. Wootton, the only unrepentant scientific rationalist of the four, would hardly have bothered to compose her testament in the epoch of the Webbs. In those remote days, scientific rationalism was optimistic, aggressive, on the march; a few more generations of material progress and popular education—and men would indeed be like gods. Unlike Wells, however, Mrs Wootton has retained her primitive faith and defends it staunchly against all comers. True, she has discarded the felicific calculus of Jeremy Bentham; but she has found an equally "scientific" substitute. All we have to do is to replace "the greatest good of the greatest number" by "the double good of mental

Who draws like this?



When a draughtsman has quality
a critic can identify his line at a glance.
Like the Elizabethan imagery
in Christopher Fry.
Like the present tense
in Joyce Cary.
But suppose Fry was famous as the
script-writer for 'Take It From Here'
and then wrote
'The Lady's Not For Burning'?
And suppose Cary
had gradually superceded Mrs. Beeton
and then written 'The Horse's Mouth'?
What would the critics say?
And when the wit-swept cartoonist of
school-life's Grand Guignol draws like this
what is one to say?
For Ronald Searle's *Paris Sketchbook*
contains more than a hundred such
drawings of the Paris one
never quite forgets –
Americans in the Champs-Elysees
poverty in Porte de Vanves Oscar
Wilde's tomb and the Musee du
Rodin in fact, all the much-
admired drawings from his
Leicester Gallery exhibition
in October this year. And
Kaye Webb has written
the most charming of textual peregrinations
to accompany them.

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and moral health" and we have, according to *Testament for Social Science*, a formula which will enable us to solve every moral and social problem scientifically. For

> if we know what mental and physical health are, and we are clear that these are the ends that we are after, then the task of devising the social and political institutions and moral codes that make these ends possible is a practical research job for the social sciences.

How Mr. Attlee would like to find this true and so to reconcile Mr. Herbert Morrison and Mr. Aneurin Bevan by saying to them

> Thou shalt honour the need of every human organism to persist in its own being and to reach its normal completion or actualisation.

Unfortunately this formula neither reconciles the conflicting value judgments of practical politics nor avoids the obvious philosophic objections to Benthamism. Moreover, the concept of health, unlike that of material happiness, is at best subjective and at worst a metaphor. When Plato and Aristotle first used it as the basis for their moral and political theory, they frankly admitted that the teleology implicit in it was something metaphysical and that the form of the good life could not be discovered by empirical observation. The significance indeed of Mrs. Wootton's extremely able study of the methods of social science is that in defending the old-fashioned castle of utilitarian rationalism she is compelled to bring purpose and value in by the back door.

Writing in Oxford, Professor Cole is far too experienced in the ways of philosophers to propound such an obvious fallacy in his volume of essays on social and political theory. Indeed these mellow and discursive reflections make it clearer than ever that his inspiration as a Socialist was not only the Webbs but William Morris. The ideal democracy for him is not the representative institutions of the large modern state but a small society of decent, kindly people being decent and kindly to each other. By anchoring himself on this concept he has succeeded in making me see something even in Rousseau's "general will," and he administers some shrewd criticism to those who fondly believed, long ago in 1945, that the London Passenger Transport Board was the archetype of social democracy. *Essays in Social Theory* is an extremely civilised book, even if it fails to show how the small-scale Greek ideal of democracy, which Morris re-vitalised in *News from Nowhere*, can be realised in this Age of Terror. It is all the more jarring, therefore, to find in the concluding statement of Professor Cole's political faith the following passage:

> I assume that the most universally important of all the objects of political and social activity is to raise the standards of living of ordinary people in our own country and throughout the world. . . . I assume that no other object can claim any allegiance when it conflicts seriously with this primary object.

Surely there are times, and this is one of them, when the ideal of civilised life which Professor Cole has described so persuasively in earlier chapters clashes with this Benthamite absolute, which Veblen once described as an Anglo-Saxon invention.

Bertrand Russell's pattern of values does not differ greatly from Cole's. Both are rationalists and agnostics, libertarian Socialists with an extreme distaste for organised stupidity and organised cruelty. Cole is a very much better historian than Russell, an important matter when the subject under discussion is political theory. But Russell remains pre-eminent as the only living philosopher with a literary style. Though he will hate to hear it—for Plato is his *bête noire*—the writing of *Unpopular Essays* is as limpid, as mischievous and, occasionally, as sublime as that of *The Republic*. Indeed it is ironical that Russell like Plato writes so well and thinks so elegantly that he exposes his own fallacies to the wary reader. The man who demonstrated the logical case for pacifism in the 1930s demonstrates in the 1950s the logical case for the forcible creation by the Americans of a world super-state. Both demonstrations are brilliantly done. The difference between them is due, I think, to Russell's dwindling confidence in the influence of human reason on human affairs. He is still a rationalist; but, doubting whether many other men are likely to become so, he now feels, like Plato, that instead of trying to overthrow power in order to free mankind, philosophers must advise kings to use their power in order to save civilisation.

Mr. Paul is concerned to discover the causes of the pessimism which afflicts the rationalist today. *Age of Terror* is an extremely competent study of the European crisis which has been deeply influenced by Bertrand de Jouveniel's *Power* and I should guess by the writings of Arnold Toynbee. If Mr. Paul rejects outright Mrs. Wootton's scientific postulates, he is also affronted by the easy-going scepticism of Russell and Cole which exposes as superstition the foundations of Christian civilisation. "Gentlemen," he seems to say, "do you realise that you are sharing in the destruction? You value civilisation yet in the name of reason you lay your dynamite at its foundations. Is that really rational?" It is a good question and if Mr. Paul completely fails to find an answer to it he has asked it very thoroughly indeed.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

VICTORIAN PARADISE

The Great Exhibition. By YVONNE FFRENCH. *Harvill Press.* 18s.

Centenaries are empty things as a rule—mere dates, with no real content or suggestive power. But now for once we have a model subject, rich in itself, and as it were commemorable from the first. A year before the great day, Prince Albert, at the Mansion House, spoke thus:

> Nobody who has paid any attention to the peculiar features of our present era will doubt for a moment that we are living at a period of most wonderful transition which tends rapidly to accomplish that great end, to which, indeed, all history points—*the realisation of the unity of mankind* . . .
>
> Man is approaching a more complete fulfilment of that great and sacred mission which he has to perform in this world. His reason being created after the image of God, he has to use it to discover the laws by which the Almighty governs His creation, and, by making these laws his standard of action, to conquer nature to his use, himself a divine instrument . . .
>
> Gentlemen—the Exhibition of 1851 is to give us a true test and a living picture of the point of development at which the whole of mankind has arrived in this great task, and a new starting-point from which all nations will be able to direct their further exertions.

The first impression, he believed, would be of "deep thankfulness": the next, of the necessity for mutual help and world concord. And one enthusiastic journalist, going a shade too far, described him as the Prince of Peace.

In short, the Exhibition has improved with time; it has become a masterpiece of dramatic irony. As such, perhaps its very finest stroke was the admired Building. No one intended that to be symbolic. It formed no part of the idea; it was an afterthought, a cheap and practical design—but it was thought to herald a new Age of Glass. Lord Granville, charmed by the light in the contractor's office, could foresee that "we shall all soon give up the privilege of throwing stones, and live in glasshouses for the rest of our lives."

On this, what comment can be made? And looking back upon the great raree-show, the hallelujah-festival of progress and human brotherhood, what do we feel now? A ghastly sinking; a delightful superiority. We are in a shocking way, but then we know all about it; we are in the secret of what happened next. Whereas the lucky old Victorians were so naive, they hadn't a clue. And anyhow their big bazaar, from first to last, is good fun. What an incredible to-do because it would "embrace foreign productions"! What towering dreams, what frenzies of denunciation! Every move was fought tooth and nail. Hyde Park was gallantly and long defended, all but snatched from the foe. "It is to come to the vote tomorrow," wrote Prince Albert in a black mood, "and the public is inflamed by the

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newspapers to madness." Yet the Park fell; but still the grand Cassandra of the opposition, Colonel Sibthorp, M.P., hurled his defiance at the foreign invaders and depicted the wrath to come.

> *They would have all their food robbed*; they would have a pie-bald generation, half black and half white . . . *They might look for assassination, for being stabbed in the dark*, but careless of that, he was determined to pursue an even and straightforward course, and he would say that the dearest wish of his heart was that that confounded building called the Crystal Palace might be dashed to pieces.

Nor did he wish alone. Half the best people were engaged in harrying the "Prince of Peace" with intimations of alarm and despondency.

> The strangers, they give out, are certain to commence a thorough revolution here, to murder Victoria and myself, and to proclaim a Red Republic in England; the plague is certain to ensue from the confluence of such vast multitudes, and to swallow up those whom the increased price of everything has not already swept away.

In Mr. Toobad's phrase, the opposition had a fine eye for consequences.

No doubt the consternation was in part humbug. Take Mrs. Villiers, the old *frondeuse*. She lived in Knightsbridge, in the battle zone, and foretold "horrors"; yet she was "dying of laughter" at the Prince's conflict with the Duke of Wellington.

> The Prince crams him with his opinion of the beauty, harmony, unity and peacefulness of the show and the Duke don't contradict him but always replies by making some suggestion about keeping roads open to facilitate the passage of soldiers.

And absolutely nothing happened; not a mouse raised its head. The Horrid Day, and then the whole affair, went off beautifully. In fact the only "incident" was caused by the Duke himself—who *would* return for yet another peep, against all advice, plumb in the thickest of the final crowds. With a triumphal roar, they swooped down on him; in distant parts the place was thought to be collapsing, and there was a rush for the exits. The leading casualty was a stand of French china. Meanwhile the Duke was carried out by six policemen, who had been unobtrusively upon his tail.

It is beyond all doubt that the accursed Building proved to be fairy ground. Foes paid one visit out of curiosity and then went back. The Duke, we know, went repeatedly. And Colonel Sibthorp went; and Mrs. Villiers, too frail to walk, but hoping for a wheeled chair next day ("It must be ultra-splendid when one sees the whole.") Those who expected to be pleased were rapt, as though they had foreseen nothing. The rarest attitude was disappointment. Oddly enough, among the peevish few was Dickens, a supporter born, who said it used him up. Peacock, on the other hand, was very cool *a priori*, and kept away for weeks. At last he went—and after that he went every day.

In my opinion that settles it. But *why* he went every day, why the enchantment should be inexhaustible, is now hard to realise. Of course there was the frame itself—the wonder of space and light, the galleries and elms and fountains, the entire fairyland. One would have liked to see that; and yet one can't help feeling it was rather spurious. The glory of the exhibition proper has departed even more thoroughly. It sounds, to be quite candid, like a lot of junk; and in the illustrations it looks like junk. And junk, on second thoughts, it has become. What could be more natural? We have gone far ahead of the Victorians in science, and we don't like their art; so all the miracles and beauties now raise a smile. Today the place would be a fairyland for children, small boys especially. Think of it as such, and all the glamour seems to come flooding back. Even today, small boys would rush to stand in the machine-room and enjoy pandemonium; children of either sex would share the raptures of the twelve-year-old Ouida:

> The nave is so fairy-paradisy-like a looking place that when you gaze from the top to the bottom down the immense length it seems surely this cannot be built by men . . . Oh, it was Eden itself . . . Oh, that silver and ebony inkstand with a deer and a fawn and the inkstands formed of stumps of trees all in chased silver—it did not look at all like what it was, it was lovely.

There we have a fit conclusion of the whole matter. Yes, the Victorians are to be envied. Whether we can also look down on them—whether the ornate and hideous is really worse than the plain and hideous, whether a childlike freshness is a badge of inferiority—on that there may be two opinions. I will just say that Miss Yvonne ffrench, although her book is full of entertainment, does not command a style in which the taste of anyone should be deplored.

And that is an ungrateful truth. I have cribbed all the facts from her, and long to quote still more freely. She is a mine of information and a treasure-house of good stories. And for her faults the *Zeitgeist* is most to blame.

K. JOHN

THE SCIENCE OF MAN

The Human Species. By ANTHONY BARNETT. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 18*s*.

The Science of Humanity. By K. G. COLLIER. *Nelson.* 12*s*. 6*d*.

Mirror for Man. By CLYDE KLUCKHOHN. *Harrap.* 12*s*. 6*d*.

The volumes by Mr. Barnett and Mr. Collier are introductory texts—not so much texts to teach in a systematic way, but to stimulate thought and discussion over a wide field of contemporary problems. Mr. Barnett has had the easier task; in writing on social biology, which is really the subject of his book, he is largely within his own expert field, and a relatively manageable one. Mr. Collier, on the other hand, coming to his field as an educator rather than an expert, touches on part of Mr. Barnett's field and also deals with personality, values, social relations and social economics.

The Human Species covers enough of elementary genetics to give the reader the broad outlines, relates this material to evolution, discusses some of the main aspects of human diversity and provides a good, if necessarily brief, analysis of the factors affecting mortality. It also deals, in a balanced way, with the relationship between population and food supply. Naturally, the author has a point of view and it is made clear. He disagrees, for example, with the use of the term "race," preferring the less equivocal phrase "human types," and it is refreshing to find a chapter dealing with "race" which begins:

> This chapter is largely about trivialities to which an unjustified importance has been attached. It deals with the relatively minor physical differences in the human species today, and particularly with those, such as skin colour, which have a well-marked geographical distribution.

Such faults as are visible on a first reading seem to be due largely to excessive compression. It is a little unfair, for example, to hand the reader a phrase: "It has also been claimed that special schooling for a few years can greatly raise the mental age of imbecile and backward children, especially if it is begun early," without saying something more about the debate which has raged around such claims. Similarly, to say of Pearl's estimate of the chances of conception that they "have been much criticised and discussed, but they have not been contraverted," is to convey an impression which is not quite appropriate. But these are minor points and do not detract from the high general value of the book.

The Science of Humanity, even allowing for the greater difficulty of the task, is rather less satisfactory. If used as a class text it could certainly provide a basis for active discussion. But it is doubtful whether, unless carefully directed, the discussion would follow the most useful lines.

In dealing with the influence of city life, for instance, Mr. Collier sets a prefatory questionnaire which he suggests his readers should try to answer. But I wonder how many readers, without the guidance of a skilful chairman, would realise the incompatibility and superficiality of many of the answers which may follow from the way the questionnaire is designed? Moreover,

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there is little direct link between the questionnaire and the discussion which follows it.

The book certainly poses some interesting questions—for example, whether there is a "new ideal of personality" appropriate to our time. But this is thrown into a more general discussion of the future of civilisation, one part of which aims at the reinvigoration of town life without presenting very substantial preliminary evidence on the spiritual disadvantages of the urban as compared with the rural community.

Mirror for Man is also an introductory text, but of a rather different kind. It is concerned only with anthropology—what it is, what kinds of work anthropologists do, and the contribution which anthropology makes towards the understanding of society. Yet in spite of the limitation of the field, and of the status of Professor Kluckhohn as an anthropologist, the results are not inspiring. Too much is said about the ways in which the anthropologist has given or can give his help in answering a vast range of questions. He is depicted as measuring human bottoms to assist chair manufacturers, and human bodies to help garment producers; as interpreting the sexual behaviour of American G.I.s in Britain; and as discovering "the best way of inducing Japanese, Italian, and German prisoners to surrender" and promoting "continued resistance in countries occupied by our enemies." Obviously the anthropologist is not the only type of person who has been able to contribute to these matters. It would have been more useful, and probably more interesting, if Professor Kluckhohn had devoted more space to a discussion of the specific contribution of the anthropologist and to an examination of the way in which he works.

Since, too, Professor Kluckhohn makes a special point of the ability of the anthropologist to contribute to our understanding of our own complex societies, it would have been of value to have at least an outline discussion of specific research possibilities. The occasional references to Professor Kluckhohn's own interpretation of recent social and political developments are not, I am sure, the best examples of the value of the anthropological approach. Thus he says of the Weimar constitution, "In the abstract it was an admirable document. But it failed miserably in actual life partly because it provided for no continuity with existent designs for acting, feeling, and thinking."

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His essential interpretation of Marxist theory seems to be summarised in the comment: "Were economic need alone sufficient to produce a communistic revolution, all of China would have become totally communistic long ago."

And he believes that "had the European countries who so rashly prised open the doors of Japan and China truly understood cultural relativity, there might today be no Pearl Harbour to remember and no threat from the vast disorganisation of China." The chapter on the United States certainly raises many interesting points for discussion. But even there it is difficult to see the particular contributions of the anthropologist.

Indeed the question of ethnic minorities—on which the contribution might be especially valuable—is given very little attention. Nor is there any discussion of the development of cults in the United States. In all, it is doubtful if the book renders a great service to its subject.

D. V. GLASS

ELIOT THROUGH JUNG

T. S. Eliot: The Design of His Poetry. By ELIZABETH DREW. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Whether we like it or not, there has for some fifty years been a growing tendency for cultural persons to dabble in psychology and sociology, and for psychologists and sociologists to dabble in culture. No doubt in time some sort of "integration" will result from all this intellectual activity and I would be the last person to wish to stop it. But I think a point has been reached where it is necessary to ask for rather more inclusive qualifications on both sides of the fence. Miss Drew is quite frank about her own qualifications. "This is not a book about rival schools of psychology and anthropology" she writes. "I have very little knowledge of either, and am in no way qualified to judge them." That this is not over-modesty on her part could be confirmed from internal evidence. But yet she has cheerfully attempted an anthropological and psychological interpretation of the poetry of T. S. Eliot.

Having disclaimed authority to discriminate between "rival schools of psychology" Miss Drew proceeds to plump for Jung. The *Four Quartets* reflect "in a strange way the succession in the appearance of the symbols which Jung has described as the archetype of transformation." It would be strange indeed if there were no parallel, no reflection, between the systems of ideas embodied in the quasi-literary psychology of Jung and the quasi-anthropological poetry of Eliot. The *Golden Bough*, Freud's case histories, the *Sacre du Printemps*, Picasso's *Epoque Nègre*, were all part of the same exciting process by which extremely sophisticated people were made aware of extremely primitive modes of feeling and thinking. In such a situation there was boundless poetic material, from which a poet or artist could pick and choose without involving himself in pseudo-scientific system-building. In *The Waste Land*, Mr. Eliot drew freely from the speculations of Miss Jessie Weston, among many other things. He also brought in the Tarot pack, because it came in handy—not, I believe, because he knew, or cared, very much about it at the time. Mr. Eliot's poems up to and including *The Waste Land* remain, in their sadness and richness of colouring, one of the most satisfying hybridisations of the period:

> The hint half guessed, the gift half understood.

But I cannot help feeling that his interpreters are sometimes forcing Mr. Eliot past the phase of hints and guesses into something less uncommon. In looking for a synthesis, they tend to find a platitude.

Miss Drew's exegesis deals in turn with Mr. Eliot's poems from *Prufrock* down to the *Four Quartets*. It will no doubt be used by students of this poetry who require a commentary. Some of the clues she provides will help them to arrive at their own understanding of it, but I hope they will not be led into her generally over-reverent and uncritical attitude. If it were not for the too liberal use of Jung, the effect would not be so bad. As it is, one is hardly encouraged to regard the poems as aesthetic achievements (which they undoubtedly are). Mr. Eliot is described as reaching the limit of disillusionment in the *Hollow Men*, transcending it in *Ash Wednesday* and crowning his work with the "four-ness" of the *Quartets* which attain reality on a new plane. Their validity on this higher plane is attested by parallels with Jung. For example, the Jungian mandala is related to Eliot's circle and still point at the centre. Maybe; but if one looks for anything so generalised, one can hardly fail to find it. Instead of clarifying one's perception of the poetry, this kind of commentary envelops it, for me at any rate, in a haze of *mystique*.

Miss Drew in her peroration quotes Mr. Eliot as writing of Yeats that "an artist, by serving his art with entire integrity, is at the same time rendering the greatest service he can to his own nation and to the whole world." And, she comments, "That service the King of Eliot's adopted nation has recognised by the highest honour he could bestow, the Order of Merit." I am not so sure that the correlation between honours received and aesthetic integrity is quite as simple as that. Mr. Eliot can scarcely think so; and the King may sometimes wonder.

CHARLES MADGE

ARTISTS AND CRAFTSMEN

Fishing Ways and Wiles. By Major H. E. MORRITT. *Cape.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Fishing in Many Waters. By JAMES HORNELL. *Cambridge.* 30*s.*

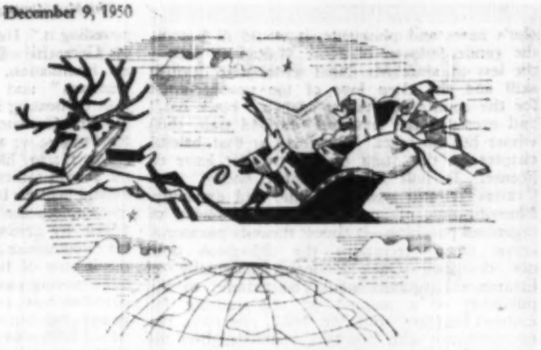
Practical Fly-Tying. By T. R. HENN. *Black.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Poacher's Handbook. By IAN NIALL. *Heinemann.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

How rare it is to meet a devotee of fishing who is a wholly bad man. Some of that great sect have an imperfect sense of the meaning of property; some are capable of deceit; and many, it must be admitted, are liars. But few, in my experience are prone to base jealousy or sinful pride; and, least blood-thirsty of all hunters, they are redeemed (it seems to me) by having, of necessity, the virtues of patience, application and great sensibility. "Every fisherman," observes Lord Howard de Walden in his introduction to Major Morritt's instructive and entertaining blend of hints and reminiscences, "is in part an artist." In that he becomes merged with his object and its background ("I am the fisher and the fished, I am the pool the angler sings"), this is psychologically true; but he is also a craftsman who has to serve a painful apprenticeship. He must know something of entymology, and a great deal of the habits of fish; and, unless he be of the almost more than human kind whom the beauties of nature compensate for an empty basket, he must have patiently acquired what few of us have—the knack of the perfect cast, the "presentation" of lure to wary victim.

Major Morritt—to judge only by his blithe advocacy of the technique of fishing narrow lochs from the *lee* shore when a gale is blowing !—is a virtuoso; but he is by no means one of your dry-fly purists. A general practitioner of angling, he writes helpfully and pleasantly of many methods; and, so far as salmon and trout are concerned, he seems to have tried successfully most methods and most British waters. For those whose curiosity extends further, geographically and technically, Mr. Hornell's posthumously published book is the stuff. It ranges from the Albacore to the Bombay-duck, from West Africa

For Friends abroad



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JUST PUBLISHED

Lutterworth Press

to the Maldive Islands, from spear and trap to the Chinese fisherman's trained cormorants. Here is a mine of unusual information, which the anthropologist should not disdain and which should certainly enlarge the outlook of storm-bound sectarians of the "fly only" school.

They, however, may recapture their pride as craftsmen from the pages of Mr. Henn's persuasive and practical little manual on fly-tying. He too, in his field, develops the theory of the angler-artist. The man who makes his own flies, he writes, is pursuing

> . . . an art not without frustrations; easy, but difficult to carry out supremely well (as Clausewitz wrote of war); perpetually filled with excitement and interest, because it remains an art, being only partially a craft, and somewhat remotely a science; touching all sorts of stray activities outside itself; and, above all, forcing the fisherman, who must *ex hypothesi* be a person of great sensibility, to extend his mental investigations even further and further, and yet force his physical skills to keep pace with them.

Does the reader who has "no patience" with fishing detect here the lyricism of the T. R. Henn whom he heard in the Third Programme discoursing on the poetry of W. B. Yeats? Certainly the curious art of tying flies is not for most of us: the spirit may be keen to cut down Hardy's bill, but the clumsy fingers are too feeble. None the less, even fishermen who buy their flies ready-made can learn a lot from Mr. Henn's sensible observations on what the fish thinks, or can be made to think, he sees. Much nonsense has been written about flies, and (commercially profitable) mischief wrought by their over-elaboration. After all, as the Scots ghillie said, "the fly that's longest on the water does the most killing."

Killing? Here one comes with a bump up against Mr. Ian Niall and his unrepentantly illegitimate *Handbook*. Into some of his nefarious chapters, which deal with gate-nets and long nets and the sudden, nocturnal death of somebody else's hares and pheasants, it would ill become the gentle follower of Izaac Walton to peep—the less so, since Mr. Niall writes with devilish skill and the deep love of the poacher-artist for the countryside under night's "black hat," and even for the creatures (an odd trait, this) whose life he takes. But there *is* that baleful chapter on the quest of fish without leave or license. It tells of "snatching hooks" and "otters"; still worse, of lime and dynamite. Electrification of pools—the latest device of organised poaching—is almost the only piscatorial crime whose technique the *Handbook* does not describe. One wonders, incidentally, if insurance companies would be grateful to the publisher of a manual on crib-cracking for embryo burglars. But Mr. Niall, one feels, has no sympathy with poachers' mass-slaughter for organised market-profit. For him, rather, the delights of the fish taken surreptitiously by individual guile—and the angler, as I have admitted, is apt to hold precariously to the dividing-line between *meum* and *tuum*. Moreover, when all is said, he who has mastered the delicate and exacting skill of "tickling" trout—be they his own or the Duke's—is perhaps the greatest artist-fisherman of all.

AYLMER VALLANCE

THE MURDER OF A PEOPLE

The Wall. By JOHN HERSEY. *Hamish Hamilton.* 15s.

We speak of cities flattened by bombing during the war. The European city which most literally earned that description was Warsaw, within the fantastic ruins of which a large area was actually obliterated as if a plough had passed over it. Here, in the ghetto, a quarter of a million Jews were walled up, then starved, tormented and finally incinerated by the Germans.

The Nazis meant there to be no record of what happened in the ghetto and it seems that no documents have in fact survived. Mr. Hersey, the author of *A Bell for Adano* and the meticulous and moving reporter of atomised Hiroshima, has, therefore, had to invent a Jewish diarist whose job was to write down each day a precise record of events as he saw or knew of them. Mr. Hersey calls his book a novel. It is in fact a lengthy reconstruction of what life was like behind the Wall during the period between the arrival of the German Army in 1941 and the final destruction of the ghetto after the Jewish rising in May, 1943. He has taken, I believe, some three years on the job. He has steeped himself in Jewish customs, culture and folk-lore, and his immense book, which contains few adjectives and no emotional writing, is a plain account of an atrocity unique in history for its scale, ingenuity and thoroughness.

The story begins with the Jews learning that they are themselves to build the wall beyond which they are to be hermetically sealed. A few hope to bribe the Germans for favours, only to find that their bribes are taken and the favours withheld. Not even one shop may continue outside the wall. A tough workers' organisation can get one small boy away to safety if it is paid enough. He can choose between the disguise of a novice in a convent or starting on an underground "walk" to Palestine. Zion is always in the background of the minds of every character in this book. If not they, then their children or some remnant of the children's children, may some day, reach the Promised Land. Then there is the conflict of mind among patriotic Jews about whether to serve in the Jewish police or whether, by accepting work in the *Judenrat*, they can win some alleviation of their own misery and soften the blow for other Jews. Such hopes come to nothing; the Germans have decided the fate of the Jews.

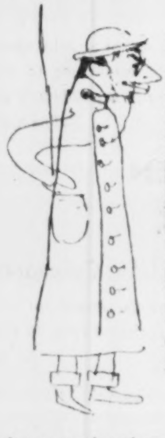
"There are several ways a man can behave who works in the *Judenrat*." He can live a life of duplicity, trying to help the Jews while pretending for a time to obey orders; he can compromise, falling, perhaps, into habits of smuggling in the hope of helping his friends and "often waver between living down the compromise and compounding it." He may become a crazy jester when the Germans will let him off because they enjoy his humiliation, or "he can out-German the Germans" and overcome his own sense of guilt by beating his Jewish friends more savagely than the Germans do. All these types appear in these pages; we are sure that they all existed. Nor is Mr. Hersey likely to have invented the case of the Jewish father who hoped to escape notice in Poland because his features were not Jewish, and, to complete the job, tried at last to cease to be Jewish by getting a plastic surgeon "to correct his circumcision." Finally a Jew could fall into the infamy of being an informer. There is no more moving passage in this book than that which describes how, in the climax of these events, little groups, fighting desperately from their houses and taking refuge in sewers, or even in hiding places built behind lighted bakery ovens, are betrayed by comrades who have been captured by the Germans and offered the choice of a life of ease and good food or, as an alternative, beating and extinction in gas ovens.

Gradually the Jews discover, beyond doubt, what is in store for them. The Germans demand an increasingly high quota of Jews for "labour in Russia." As the figure mounts the ghetto becomes increasingly suspicious. What happens to the ten thousand "volunteers" who leave the camp every day? One of their number, sent out to spy out the land, discovers the truth of the gas ovens not many miles away. The ghetto now learns that all are to die. A Jew, who becomes one of the heroes of this tragedy, is smuggled out to collect revolvers, which he buys from profiteering and sometimes treacherous contacts outside the ghetto. For many of the Jews in the ghetto the worst tragedy is that even in this ultimate crisis so few can organise or unite.

> Now that the Communists are starting up again, we must add one more element to our intra-Jewish contests. Our trouble here in facing the Nazis is that we do not have two great forces, thesis and antithesis, right and left; or even just three, left, centre, and right. We are a small France here. We are a spectrum. The picture reads from left to right: Communist, Poale-Zion Left, Bund, Hechalutz, Hashomer, Hatsair, Hashomer Hanoir, Dror and Poale-Zion Right, General Zionists, Akiba, Revisionists, Orthodoxy; and goodness knows what interstices I have omitted or do not know about; . . . Throw in your drifters . . . and your assimilationists, who are not interested, and most of your property-owners, who are understandably interested in their property, and most of your workers, who are too busy surviving to worry about anybody but themselves—and you have the Nazis' opponents here; a bundle of twigs instead of one oaken staff; an army to be defeated piecemeal, platoon by platoon.

At times there are hopes that the Socialists will work with the Zionists; at the last minute the Communists persuade them to assassinate a man they suspect of treachery. At last, too late, the Polish Resistance discovers that Jews can fight. In the exciting and brilliant chapters with which this book ends, the Resistance in the ghetto is isolated. Mr. Hersey makes no pretence that those who fought managed to kill more than an armful of Germans. He can only describe with an effect of relief and triumph the surprise of the Germans when first they discover that the Jews are capable of resistance, that Nazis can actually be shot down by *Untermenschen*. Almost all the Jews are killed; a few escape through the sewers, making their way, hardly recognisable as human beings, through the woods to the waiting Polish Resistance.

Almost the only satisfaction allowed to the Jewish resistance is the chance of successful sabotage. When the Germans collect for their soldiers in Russia such warm clothing as the shivering and starving Jews possess, there are women ingenious enough to cut the threads that hold their furs together so that the Nazi soldier who believes he has a warm coat will find it falling apart as he puts it on. There is also a factory where Jewish labour is used to make window frames for German hutments in Russia. Every frame is made precisely a quarter of an inch wrong, so that no piece of glass will fit when the huts are finally



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erected on the frozen steppes of Russia. We are allowed a few such gleams of satisfaction; but Mr. Hersey is too honest to pretend that Jewish ingenuity and heroism could be of much avail against such overwhelming odds. All that one can claim is that it was better to stand, like Rachel Apt in this story, by one's comrades and to fight than to seek safety for oneself. There was always a chance of survival in unity. But that was not the reason why courage and fidelity were better. Tragedy lies in the struggle of the individual or the group against forces as impersonal as the German High Command or Olympian Jove. We do not ask of Prometheus, Antigone or Rachel Apt that they defeat the Power against them; history awards them a colder but more enduring victory than that of the battlefield.

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> Paul looked down upon them from beneath his black hair, still questioning and haughty, still benign and gracious.
>
> Adele walked to the door, and Stephen followed her. As she reached for the last light switch, he grasped her hand.
>
> "Let the light remain," he said. "We shall come again to look."
>
> "Yes," said Adele, "but shall we go upstairs now? We might play a little backgammon if you like."

This preposterous farrago is played against a background of enough taste and culture to keep the glossy fashion magazines going for a year: the drawing-room, for instance ("so thoroughly rococo that it could only be compared with a Portuguese palace") contains Velasquezs, a Watteau, two Fragonards, a Goya, Louis Quinze furniture and carpets by Aubusson. The whole book is similarly over-dressed. It is as if a film director were to cover the craziness of his story and the failure of his big scenes with *décor* by the combined talents of Oliver Messel, Cecil Beaton and the late Christian Bérard. What makes it so infuriating is that Mr. Kelly can write well, at times movingly. He gives the impression of having looked up a lot of his culture, but he obviously has a genuine respect for beauty, a genuine delight in the rare and bizarre. Had he worked more at the characters, and not attempted throughout to deck the unhewn marble with Nymphenburg vases and misquotations from Milton, the result might have been a readable, interesting work, instead of the inflated undergraduate novel it now is.

Talk of inflation brings one by an easy transition to John O'Hara's *A Rage to Live.* Mr. Kelly's novel is blown out to some three hundred pages. Mr. O'Hara's is a simple tale of Grace Tate, *née* Caldwell, one of the first families in Fort Penn, Pennsylvania. After ten years of happy married life she commits adultery with one Roger Bannon, a dissolute Irishman. The affair leaks out, but her husband and youngest son die of infantile paralysis, and the town forgives her. Some years later she is believed, inaccurately, to be having another affair with a married man; when the scandal comes to a head she is forced to leave her native heath and live in New York. That ironic little *conte* runs to 590 pages. It may be urged, and the publishers do urge, that it is also the story of the town itself, "clear as a photograph, and devoid of the selective emphases and simplifications of a painting." It is, of course, an account of the growth of a small town between 1900 and 1920, and there are innumerable minor characters to set beside the major one. Nevertheless, it is with a growing sense of bafflement and incredulity that one realises, after page 400 or so, that practically nothing is going to happen. Any amount of fornication goes on, most of it described in the most prudish detail; honours are lost in every conceivable posture. There is much about graft in local politics, about the habits of the Pennsylvanian Germans, about small town gossip and the peculiarities of visitors from Greenwich Village. There are passages of first-rate realistic writing, particularly in the many husband-and wife scenes; those readers who enjoyed *Appointment in Samarra* will find much the same vividness scattered about the present book, and for Americans, no doubt, a great deal will be forgiven the author for the memories he evokes. But the plot, the backbone, the core of a pageant-story such as this, is practically non-existent. For once I think the blurb has expressed the most succinct criticism that can be made: the whole book is like a long, accurate school photograph. Most of the detail is visible, but, as always, the faces are all either indistinct or undistinguishable.

Stuart Hood's *The Circle of the Minotaur* is about an Italian exile, who returns to his Tuscan village just after the liberation to find that he is celebrated as the boy who, fifteen years earlier, had killed Leone Sbracci, a local Blackshirt. This is, in fact, untrue; but the legend has trapped him. A girl gives herself willingly to the hero, his brother virtually lives on the reflected glory; and though Diego, the dead man's cousin, is out to kill him, all would probably be well were it not for Carlo's efforts to make the truth known. His failure involves the murder of Diego: and from that crime there is no pardon. (The book also contains another story, *The Fisherman's Daughter*, which seems to me inferior in every way). I found Mr. Hood's "flash-back" technique confusing, since one does not find out to whom the flash-back refers until it is over; and the style generally is a little tense, unrelaxed. But the story is a good one, the background faithfully established, the tautness and mood of the piece compelling. It is told in 150 pages, cleanly and to the point; there is no display of culture, no incessant chewing over of the facts of life. It has its own length and its own breadth, and is immeasurably superior to the other two novels on that account.

FRANK HAUSER

ANNUALS AND OTHERS

Collins' Magazine Annual. *Collins.* 12*s.* 6*d*

Collins' Children's Annual. *Collins.* 6*s.*

The Years of Grace. Edited by NOEL STREATFEILD. *Evans.* 15*s.*

Adventure and Discovery (5). *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

What Shall I Do? By G. WARREN SCHLOAT, Jr. *Murray.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

A batch of Christmas Annuals is bound to call up memories of those richly gilded volumes of *Little Folks, Chatterbox, Boys' Own* and *Girls' Own* which solaced the Boxing Days of an Edwardian childhood. To conjure up their illustrations—those boys in sailor suits and knickerbockers, those girls in starched pinafores and black stockings—is to conjure up a cosy, vanished world. Looking through the 1950 equivalents, nothing brought out more sharply the difference between the modern middle-class child's background and my own than an admonition to clean the kitchen after doing something or other because "the kitchen is Mother's workroom." Indisputably true, but in my day the kitchen was a realm of comfort and mystery, ruled by an appeasable dictator and the one place where one never ran into one's parents. How often one sneaked down there with *Little Folks*, say of 1907, catching scraps of intriguing dialogues about "Him" and "Her," about ghosts and matrimony and dreadful happenings in fogs, as one munched

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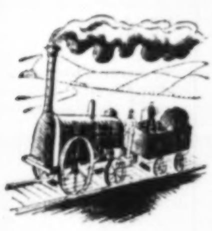

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dripping toast and pored over the pictures and stories.

Actually, *Collins' Magazine Annual* is the only one of the five volumes before me which justifies this nostalgia by resembling *Little Folks*, at least in formula. Here is the serial one can track through a single book instead of having to endure months of suspense. Here, as before, one is distracted on the way to the next instalment by an article on aquaria or beecraft, an acrostic, a striking photograph of a snails' Grand National, a recipe for making sugar mice or a method of working out the speed of a train guaranteed to make the adult escort wish to throw himself or the calculating child out of the window. It is unfair to compare a modern Annual with one's own golden and unreliable memories but, though most of the articles seemed goodish and many of the photographs first-class, I found the stories weak. Only one or two, such as Noel Streatfeild's, seemed to give the convincing concrete details a child enjoys reading. Too many suffered from fatty degeneration or embarrassing artiness or olde-worlde-ness. The "Lousy" schoolboy series I found all too aptly named; as heavy-handed as the excellent "Jennings" of "Children's Hour" is light. And the strip cartoon serial, clumsily drawn and needing explanatory captions as well as "balloons" I thought frankly bad. In spite of many good things in this vast mixed bag, I felt there was some uncertainty of touch. Surely the recipes are too elaborate for children; for example spun sugar which involves a thermometer, expert care and a high risk of burnt fingers and burnt saucepans, not to mention burnt sugar ration. Still there is an enormous variety of material which should interest average children of say 9 to 13 and I do not think the donor will get a year of black looks for his outlay of 12s. 6d.

It is rather difficult to know to which age group *Collins' Children's Annual* is addressed. The big print, the general layout, the prevalence of stories about modern fairies and witches suggest the younger ones, but the quizzes and puzzles suggest considerably older ones. I couldn't do the Flower crossword without looking up several answers and I doubt whether a child who would enjoy "A Mouse Goes Shopping" would know that "a windflower" was "anemone." A useful family present for a bunch of 4-10, I think, rather than one for an individual child.

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The Years of Grace, edited by Noel Streatfeild and designed exclusively for girls, breaks quite new ground. It contains well thought-out and remarkably well-written articles on all kinds of subjects from make-up to careers by people who really know what they are talking about. To mention only a few, Digby Morton writes on clothes, Alison Settle on "Making the Best of Yourself," Virginia Graham on going to films, Arnold Haskell on "Ballet as a Career" (ruthlessly realistic), Denzil Batchelor on the art of Sports-Spectating and Marguerite Vacani on teaching dancing. In every case (especially in the first-class articles by people who are or have been nurses, schoolmistresses, secretaries, etc.) one feels the writers have put their back into it and not merely dashed off "something for that Girls' Gift Book." I read almost every one with such interest, pleasure or amusement that I became slightly suspicious and discussed the vexed question of the age group with my nineteen-year-old daughter. Noel Streatfeild's introduction (very amusing but a shade artificially intimate) seems definitely to imply that the book is designed for the teen-age ugly duckling to show her how to transform the awkward age into "Years of Grace." The average awkward age is 14-16, I suppose, and in my daughter's opinion (and mine) this sensible and witty book might meet some sharp resistance on the part of the ugly duckling. However much she privately longs to be a swan, she is agonisingly self-conscious at the idea of any grown-up suspecting this.

She may read the beauty magazines in secret and even try out glamour recipes in strict seclusion but a grown-up would have to be tactful about offering her a set book as if glamour were a subject for School Cert. As my daughter said with truth, "At that age everyone at school and at home was always telling me to brush my hair and hold myself properly and what sort of clothes to wear and I couldn't have cared less. In fact I only wished they'd shut up and leave me in peace." Again, while agreeing with me about the excellence of the career articles, she thought they would appeal more to those who had left school than those who were still there. Between us we decided that the lowest age the book would appeal to was 17, and 18 might be a safer bet. On one point our instinctive reactions were the same: the opening article by a woman doctor which we felt would put any schoolgirl's back up. Not that "Cannula's" frank advice is not sensible; we should all be healthier and handsomer for taking her unveiled hints. But these have already been dinned into schoolgirls by gym. mistress, matron and school doctor. It starts the book off on a note which might exacerbate any sensitive adolescent. And, should it be opened by a brother or a ribald friend or enemy and certain passages read aloud, the recipient might well come to regard the book and the donor with equal loathing. A present, therefore, to be given with discretion and, above all, not put on the family breakfast table or posted to school. It might well become a cherished possession but one that the potential swan might prefer to study in private.

Adventure and Discovery (5) looks an admirably safe bet for intelligent boys and girls of 12-15. The emphasis is mainly on masculine subjects such as high-speed flight and heat pumps, but girls interested in science, exploring and sociology would like it too. The articles are clear and factual, the photographs extremely well chosen and the whole thing beautifully produced. Among other good things it contains a long extract from "The Kon-Tiki Expedition" and a fascinating article "Scientific Approach to Adventure" by "Popski." The Editor's modest prefatory note asking for suggestions perhaps accounts for the success of this annual.

What Shall I Do? which comes from America struck me as the answer to "What shall I give?" to any boy between 9-13 and to selected girls who are good with their hands and enjoy making and mystifying. It shows things to make and do and some ingenious tricks and games, all constructed out of such things as corks, string, old cotton reels, etc., which (with the exception of an egg to magic into a bottle or balance on a knife) can be found even in the austerest British home. The whole thing is done in clear, amusing photographs of the author's son doing all the things suggested, step by step, and the captions are brief and lucid. It teaches you to make dozens of things such as masks, stilts, electromagnets, jet-propelled boats and fudge. Or you can learn quite professional conjuring tricks and even the elements of juggling. A book that should appeal equally to ingenious child and harassed parent and a godsend for wet days. I guarantee it will not be used for the shocking utilitarian purpose on page 84. This is a secret which had better be kept from all writers of children's books.

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Party Food and Drink. By ROSEMARY HUME. *Zodiac Books.* 2s.

My grandparents sensibly had a green baize door in their house, behind which the children could lead their noisy lives without interfering with their elders' need for self-expression. Now that the barricades have been down for two generations and the play-pen sits on the drawing-room floor, when infant voices drown the telephone-call to the Ministry and bits of Meccano get into the typewriter, all we seniors dare ask for is a little consideration. Need the "comic" that you, Sir, deposit in bits all over my Bokhara rug, be quite so revoltingly crude? Must the picture-book that you, Miss, slam down between the T'ang jar and the volume of Mallarmé really have all these horrible whimsy rabbits in dainty little pinnies? Grisly old reactionaries that we are, let us at least exploit the power of the purse and refuse to buy any children's books that do not reach a certain modest level of good looks, good manners and good writing. And let there be no squeamish qualms about forcing good taste on our children. The other books will seep into the house fast enough without our help.

First, to stiffen our morale at less cost than a glass of sherry, comes *Orlando the Judge*, leaving us wondering yet again at Miss Hale's bubbling springs of wit and invention. Her cat detail is as striking as ever ("Grace turned to Blanche and rearranged an ear which was inside out") and she has thought up a cat so degraded as to need —a mousetrap! There is another Babar too,

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but of the new series, carried on by Jean de Brunhof's son. It is very faithful, very intelligent, but Zephir has lost too much of his nonchalance, Babar too much of his dignity, and the story lacks that last touch of inspired absurdity that made the originals real classics of our time. But these—we'll have no false modesty—are the criticisms of a connoisseur, after conscientious tasting of both vintages: *Picnic at Babar's* is still an alpha present. So is *The Little Fire Engine*. Its blurb reveals that Graham Greene also wrote the companion book of two or three years' ago, *The Little Train*, and links the prose of train and fire engine with that of *Brighton Rock*, etc. I would pay it a more appropriate compliment and compare it and Miss Craigie's gay pictures with the Lewitt-Him books. I find the story charming and not in the least like the other lessons of the master. *A Bell for Ursli* is a *gemütlich* story from Switzerland, with pictures of alps, cows, pines and chalets—a handsome book, and, in spite of a hero, more in tune with the sentiments of girls than boys. *The Wind in the Willows* has at last reappeared with the Rackham illustrations which should really have been there all the time. You may not care for Rackham, but the world he draws is a possible world of the imagination. He is the only one of Kenneth Grahame's illustrators to catch the malignity of nature as well as the charm and the cosiness, and his fascination with roots and stumps make him quite the right illustrator for a waterside tale.

If the senior has an itch to do good, here are four excellent books. *The Little Boy and His House* charms by its looks and will instruct giver as well as receiver about houses from China to Greenland. I should like also to put in a word for the pocket-size *Mr. Rouse Builds His House*, which is possibly a shade less instructive, but funnier. In *Children's Portraits* are 83 pictures, or details of pictures, from Filippo Lippi to Edvard Munch; and if your niece is attracted to *Horse and Rider* by an interest in fetlocks and martingales, she may yet dwell long enough on Uccello, Stubbs, Géricault and Degas to get her eye in for more than the next pony club show.

Finally, for those neat little fingers, and not sticky either, please. Half the books for the youngest children need manual dexterity of some kind. You have to flick over the pages of *Watch the Puppy Grow*, singly but swiftly, to see the creature progress in fourteen instalments from helplessness to rabbits; and the three layers of Walter Trier's *Crazy Costumes* need to be rapidly shuffled and recombined to get the laughs. *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves* is a peepshow; you open the book, turn it inside out, and there are six scenes, each on four planes, but rather dingily coloured. *Uncle Gus's Circus* and *A Christmas Manger* are cut-out books—so simple that you need no scissors, you merely push the bits out, then assemble the scene.

A last word. If asked what *you* want, you might do worse than *Party Food and Drink*. It will cost your child only two shillings, and it will put you in a position to burst upon the Christmas party with an iced Dickory Clock complete with marzipan mouse. As it will rapidly vanish, your aesthetic sense need not suffer permanent injury.

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THE PULPIT OF ST. MARY'S

Newman at Oxford: His Religious Development. By R. D. MIDDLETON. *Oxford University Press.* 21s.

October 8th, 1845, was a fateful day for English Christianity, and the nineteenth century, with that sense of elegiac occasion that seldom deserted it, took care that someone was on hand to record the weather. "The rain," wrote Frederick Oakeley:

> came down in torrents, bringing with it the first heavy instalment of autumn's "sere and yellow" leaves. The wind, like a spent giant, howled forth the expiring notes of its equinoctial fury. The superstitious might have said that the very elements were on the side of Anglicanism—so copiously did they weep, so piteously bemoan, the approaching departure of its great representative.

No wonder the bell in the turret of Littlemore Church "sounded like a knell rather than a summons." Dr. Newman had taken the final step. He had entered the Roman communion.

Mr. Middleton's book is, like his *Dr. Routh*, a study for the experts. As its sub-title indicates, it is a commentary on the *Apologia*, a lucid and scholarly account of Newman's religious thought while he remained in the English Church. As an Anglican the author is rightly concerned to emphasize the part played by the doctrines of the *Via Media* and the "appeal to Antiquity in this" development. Yet the central theme is Newman's conception of the Roman Church as his idea of it slowly changed from that of an institution "crafty, obstinate, wilful, malicious and unnatural, as mad men are," to "the one true Church and the only communion of saints."

Though his book contains much interesting material and several unpublished letters, the author makes few concessions to the common reader, who is likely to prefer Maisie Ward's cosy and more excitingly illustrated biography. It is a pity that a scholar whose knowledge of the Oxford Movement is so complete and well-documented should appear comparatively uninterested in the psychology of its leaders. Most of Mr. Middleton's studies have a faintly hagiolatrous air about them and some readers will find his one-dimensional treatment rather irritating. Again and again, in a conscientious determination to be as unlike Lytton Strachey as possible, he ignores the quotation or anecdote which would sharpen or clarify the reader's historical outline. For example, dealing with Newman's relations with Whately, the don detailed by Oriel common-room to jolly the newcomer out of his shy reserve, he mentions the estrangement that occurred between the two men after Whately became Archbishop of Dublin, and quotes part of Newman's letter without giving Whately's generous and revealing reply. Again, writing of the last days before Newman's conversion, he makes no mention of Father Bernard Smith's famous visit of reconnaissance to Littlemore. The ex-Fellow of Magdalen returned and told Wiseman that Newman was certainly coming over since he had changed into grey flannels. This story is not superfluous; it symbolizes the temperamental gulf that separated Rome and Oxford in the forties. Although Mr. Middleton has dealt with the incident in his *Magdalen Studies*, it could have been repeated with advantage in the present context.

Yet his concentration on theology has led the author to emphasize several valuable points which are often overlooked; for instance, he discusses those Calvinistic influences in Newman's early life which imparted, so Wilfrid Ward declared, "a solitariness of spirit and a certain austerity to his nature which it never lost." Another merit of this book is that it enables us to understand the anger and suspicion which Tractarianism aroused in the contemporary clerisy. How loyal Anglicans must have felt their witch-hunting gorge rise when they stumbled on the following passage in Hurrell Froude's *Remains*: "We (Froude and Newman) got introduced to him (Wiseman) to find out whether they would take us in on any terms to which we could twist our consciences, and we found to our dismay that not one step could be taken without swallowing the Council of Trent as a whole." Nor would the average country clergyman have been reassured by Newman's famous passage on the "economy of truth," written as early as 1832.

Disraeli said that on Newman's conversion the Church of England reeled beneath the shock. Mr. Gladstone, a shrewd observer on his own ground, declared it was a storm which left wrecks on the shore but that the wreckage was of small craft only. As Mr. Middleton says, the Oxford Movement did not collapse with Newman's entry into the Roman Church, though its pace was slowed down temporarily. Yet the date is significant as the end of that twelve-year golden age of Anglicanism that begins with Keble's Assize Sermon. Henceforth the ascetics, pin-pointed in their rectories and common-rooms, give place to the pushful, bustling second generation. The next fifty years is a record of expanding High Churchmanship—crusades in the great slum parishes, mounting congregations, a succession of press campaigns and pulpit gestures. Lancing, Radley and the like are founded, the episcopal bastions fall one by one; Ritualism and William Morris, Hegel and the Higher Criticism are all pressed into service to provide a synthesized, broadly based Anglo-Catholicism. But this ensuing theatricality is no substitute for the original drama. The qualities that make the original Oxford Movement so absorbing to the secular and profane observer—its piety, industry and seclusion, its tortured self-questioning, its staggeringly donnish naievety and self-sufficiency—all this is largely lacking in the later phases. Even when he was borne into the Lambeth Conference on a litter Dr. Gore never achieved the splendid notoriety of the slim, spectacled figure giving out his text Sunday after Sunday in the gas-lit pulpit of St. Mary's.

JOHN RAYMOND

An Introduction to Railway Architecture. By CHRISTIAN BARMAN. *Art & Technics.* 15s.

In the all too short essay introducing the lively and revealing collection of photographs which comprise the main body of his book, Mr. Barman pleads that the time has now come to take the railway architecture of the nineteenth century seriously as expressive of an adventurous epoch of our history. In his view, the swift and widespread erection of a building with an entirely new purpose (the station) brought to the national architectural development a revolution no less important than those associated with the rise of the Christian church, and with the later emergence of the humanist culture under the Tudors. The pictures are grouped to distinguish three approaches to the station structure: the functional (concerned purely with the sheltering of passengers and trains); the social (reflecting the desire of the railways to conform to architectural continuity); and the hieratic (the companies' assertion, by size and splendour, of their leadership of the new age of steam). Lapses there certainly are from the "common sense" and "good manners" which the author suggests can be the only limiting criteria of the railway builder; yet, as the pages turn, the wonder seems rather that the fierce pressure of those fevered years on men and materials alike should have produced so much considered variety. In the present book Mr. Barman confines himself to the passenger station. Another rich field of interpretation lies ahead of him in the works of the architect-engineers who drove the permanent way itself across the English landscape. May he soon explore it.

The title of Stanislavski's *Building a Character* was erroneously given last week as "Creating a Character."

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

Symphonies. BALAKIREV: C major (Philharmonia/Karajan. LX1323-8). If the material of this neglected symphony were entirely worthy of the brilliance with which it is worked, the result would be great. Though hardly that, the effect is thrilling and romantic enough to engross the imagination for fifty minutes—no mean feat. The performance is first rate and the recording a very fine piece of engineering. I shall be surprised if this issue does not establish the symphony in the concert repertoire. BEETHOVEN: Fifth (Vienna Phil/Karajan. LX1330-3). The immediate impression made by this set is very exciting: the orchestral playing is magnificent (the cellos and basses in the trio of the Scherzo sound like a posse of large dogs suspecting an intruder) and there are no conductor's eccentricities. But the recording level is rash and although it just succeeds, owners of small gramophones will probably find the excellent Schuricht set (Decca) easier to accommodate. SCHUBERT: Eighth ("Unfinished") (Vienna Phil/Furtwängler. DB21131-3). A pleasant performance, with few exaggerations of tempo. The tone is lovely and the bass particularly substantial. On the other hand, the *sforzandi* have not enough bite and the wind detail is inferior to that in the LP set (see below). There is a suspicion of pre-echo at the end of side 3. But this is much the best of the available 78 versions. DVORAK: Fifth ("From the New World") (Danish State Radio/Malko. C4023-7). Now transferred from the "Special" category, this is a commendable issue, though not, I think, as vivid as the Galliera set (Col). But in the Largo Malko's tempo is much more in accord with the elegiac nature of the music and the *pp* on the last page of the movement is better realised.

Concertos. TCHAIKOVSKY: Violin Concerto (Stern/Philadelphia/Hilsberg. LX1316-9). Despite the vexation of us critics, this remains a popular concerto. Isaac Stern gives a beautifully accurate and easeful performance, and the orchestra sounds much less papery than in many American recordings. The balance and the tone (except at the opening of the Finale) are very good. There are a few cuts—mostly in the Finale and of no great moment—and in the Canzonetta the soloist eschews the mute—possibly because a muted solo violin is difficult to record satisfactorily: it so often sounds weedy, instead of hushed. A standard set. ELGAR: Violin Concerto (Heifetz/LSO/Sargent. DB21056-60). Allowing for some insensitiveness on the part of conductor and soloist, this is the set for which we have been hoping. The balance and recording are admirable, and for long stretches Heifetz compels us by the sheer mastery of his bow. His tendency, during the Andante, to be in front of the beat, is a vulgarism that takes the edge off our pleasure in the movement; but elsewhere—especially in the Finale—his performance is consummately beautiful. BERG: Chamber Concerto, for piano, violin and thirteen wind instruments (Monod/Charmy/Wind Ensemble/Leibowitz. *Esquire*. TW4-004-9). Completed in 1925 (four years after *Wozzeck*) this large and elaborate work shows the composer at the height of his powers, and to anyone who is prepared to take a lot of trouble, it will, I believe, prove abundantly interesting and beautiful. I do not know the work well enough to criticise the performance in detail; but the technical level is evidently high, the soloists play with assurance, and the recording is quite good. This is by far the best set *Esquire* (76 Bedford Avenue, London, W.C.1) have yet issued.

Miscellaneous Orchestal. BACH: Suite, B minor, flute and strings (Morris/London Chamber Orch/Bernard. C4032-4). I wish I could be more enthusiastic about this issue, for a new set of the delightful work has long been needed. But, although the solo is beautifully played and the recording is adequate, there is a plushiness about the string tone—something indiscreet in the handling of the texture—that makes the whole thing sound like a nineteenth-century pastiche. JOHANN STRAUSS: *Morgenblätter* Waltz (RPO/Beecham. LX1322). Nothing to write home about here. Beecham has never been at his best in Johann Strauss (one wonders why) and this record must be described as a *gaffe*. The introduction is taken too fast and the waltz is altogether too plump. Recording only fair. The Böhm disc (HMV) is both cheaper and far better. WALDTEUFEL: *Estudiantina* Waltz (Philharmonia/Lambert. DX1693). A scintillating affair—even better recorded than the recent *Skaters*. Since Waldteufel was to all intents and purposes a French composer, Mr. Lambert's straightforward rhythm is clearly right. His reading of the score is far from perfunctory: notice the delicious lightening of tone in the second half of the main tune. A most inspiriting record. ROSSINI: *Il Barbiere*—Overture (Philharmonia/Galliera. DX1690). Galliera was a good choice for this overture. His beat is tense and he sees to it that the woodwind humour is properly sly. The orchestral playing is altogether excellent (the horn passage at the start of side 2 would do to advertise chocolate creams) and the recording, apart from a little bass boom, is very well managed.

Chamber Music, Piano. BACH: Partita No. 1, B flat major (Lipatti. LX8744-5). I could write a whole page about Lipatti's playing of this well-loved Partita, but will here content myself with asserting roundly that it is ideal; and that the recording leaves little, if anything, to be desired. An historical issue. MEDTNER: Sonata-Ballade, Op 27 (Medtner. DB9551-4). One of Medtner's most appealing works. The composer's leisurely tempi at moments caused me some surprise, but they must of course be accepted. His performance is a lucid exposition of his own charming ideas, but the piano tone is disappointingly shallow and metallic—whether the fault of the piano itself or of the recording, who shall say? ROUSSEL: Andante and Scherzo, for flute and piano (Rampal/Lacroix); HONEGGER: *Danse de la Chèvre*, for flute solo (Rampal. *Esquire*. TW3-005). An attractive coupling. The Roussel piece is gay and tender, though rather acidly recorded. Honegger's imaginative *jeu d'esprit*, in the style of Debussy's *Syrinx*, makes perfect recording material.

Vocal. BACH: Cantata No. 51, "Jauchzet Gott in allen Landen," and "Mein gläubiges Herz" from Cantata No. 68 (Schwarzkopf/Philharmonia/Gellhorn. LX1334-6). The orchestral part in this set is all that that of the Suite in B minor (reviewed above) is not; and if Miss Schwarzkopf had sung the quick sections as well as she sings the slow, I should have had nothing

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but praise for the issue. As it is, the opening passages in particular give an impression of frenzied effort that is most disturbing. Luckily, there is much to enjoy later on. GRANADOS: *Goyescas*—" La Maja y el Ruiseñor " (Victoria de Los Angeles Philharmonia Fistoulari. DB-21069). This lovely *scena* is a free adaptation of the famous piano piece. Those who expect anything like an ordinary song will be disappointed, for the orchestra is really the soloist and the singer improvises, as it were, fitting words to phrases, here and there, as they pass. The result is something unique, full of pathos and nocturnal mystery. The orchestral playing is ravishingly beautiful and the balance most happy, although one or two of the singer's high notes have been imperfectly caught. Needless to add that her rendering is impeccable. SMETANA: *The Bartered Bride*—" Wie fremd und tod " (Act 3) (Sena Jurinac. DB21136). Mme Jurinac's voice has an exquisitely starry quality and her singing of this touching aria is greatly superior to that of Hilde Konetzni (Col). Balance and recording excellent. DONIZETTI: *L'Elisir d'amore*—" Quanto è bella " ; PUCCINI: *Turandot*—" Nessun dorma " (Gigli. DB21138). This disc is worth getting for the first aria alone—a splendid example of *bel canto*. In " Nessun dorma " Gigli betrays the need for effort, thus yielding the palm to Björling, whose recording of this aria (though minus the chorus) is easily the best available. MEYERBEER: *L'Africana*—" O paradiso " ; PONCHIELLI: *La Gioconda*—" Cielo e mar " (Richard Tucker. LX132-9). This young Metropolitan star is obviously a fine tenor, but I should guess that he was immature and he is in any case poorly served by the recording. In " Cielo e mar " his performance lacks the great virtue of Björling's—serenity. BORODIN: *Prince Igor*—Prince Galitzky's aria ; RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF: *Sadko*—Song of the Viking Guest (Christoff. DB21127). " Magnificent ! Stunning ! And now let us have something *quiet*—a clavichord piece, say." There is nothing wrong with this record except that it is too much of a good thing—at all events in a room. PUCCINI: *Bohème*—" Vecchia zimarra " (Caruso. DL100). A most interesting curiosity, which all amateurs of singing will want to possess—if they can afford the enormous price (30s. 1½d.). The story of how Caruso came to sing a bass aria, on the spur of the moment, is well told by that great soprano, Frances Alda (on side 1) ; and Caruso's own singing—a triumph of art—comes through extremely well.

I have space only to list, with the minimum of comment, the best of the latest Decca issue of Long Playing records. BLOCH: *Schelomo* (Nelsova Philharmonia Bloch. LX3016). BORODIN: *Prince Igor*—Polovtsian Dances (coupled with FALLA: El Amor Brujo) (LPO and Choir Van Beinum. LXT2518). Orchestra wonderful, but chorus too English for the occasion. DVORAK: Piano Quintet, A major, Op 81 (Chigi Quintet. LXT2519). ELGAR: Cello Concerto (Pini LPO Van Beinum. LX3023). In every way superior to the Casals (78) set. GRIEG: Holberg Suite (Boyd Neel String Orch. LX3014). MOZART: Haffner Symphony (LPO Van Beinum. LXT2534). HANDEL: Concerti grossi Nos. 4 and 6 (Boyd Neel String Orch. LX3024). HAYDN: Symphony No. 103 (" Drum-roll! ") (LPO Solti. LX3018). MOZART: *Die Entfuhrung aus dem Serail*—complete opera (Soloists of Vienna Opera Vienna Phil Krips. LXT2536-8). Singing admirable, but orchestra far too dim. MOZART: Symphony, G minor, K 550 (LPO Kleiber. LX3022). SCHUBERT: Piano Quintet, A major (" The Trout ") (Members of Vienna Octet Panhoffer. LXT2533). SCHUBERT: Eighth Symphony (" Unfinished ") (LSO Krips. LX-3012). TCHAIKOVSKY: *Francesca da Rimini* (Paris Conservatoire Orch Jorda) ; *Romeo and Juliet* (LPO Van Beinum. LXT2531). *Francesca* excellent, *Romeo* a little tame—definitely inferior to the Beecham (78) version. *Music from Spain*: Turina, Albeniz, Falla, Granados (Paris Conservatoire Orch Jorda. LXT2521). Rather noisy but astonishingly vivid and realistic.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,085

Set by Naomi Lewis

The usual prizes are offered for a 12-line poem or extract from a poem by Blake, Browning, Tennyson, Arnold, Hardy or Yeats, based on the material offered by one of the following: Crockford, Debrett, the Army List, *The Radio Times*, Hansard, Bradshaw, the London Telephone Directory. Entries by December 19th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,082

Set by J. B. Roderic

The following advertisement appeared lately in the Personal Column of *The Times*:

> Apprehensive Parent with gruesome recollections of own schooling would be grateful to hear of school for son aged nine, where the latter would be really happy and the former hopeful that his son was learning to think for himself.

The usual prizes are offered for the best answers from Plato, Mr. Squeers, Dr. Arnold, Bates Sahib (*Stalky and Co.*), Herbert Pembroke (*The Longest Journey*), Mr. Chips, Dr. Smart-Aleck.

Report by J. B. Roderic

Of course the rogues were the more entertaining. Wackford Squeers reached new depths of spelling and effrontery. Dr. Smart-Aleck was lavish with promises of future infamy. The harder job of parodying the good man (how dull were nearly all the Arnold entries !) was carried out successfully by R. S. Stanier (entry in Greek but a translation considerately appended), Fergie, and R. J. P. Hewison who beautifully caught the *Stalky* ethic and the Bible-echoes of Kipling's prose. A guinea each to these three, and to Colin Shaw, Edward Blishen and Gerald Davis. Honourable mention, Margaret Usborne and Granville Garley.

PLATO

You must be a very strange man to be so desirous that your son should be different from yourself. For you yourself, being so anxious about his happiness, obviously think for others ; but you want him only to think for himself. Perhaps, however, that expression 'for himself' was a redundancy, and you meant only that you wished him to learn to think. If so, I fear that you have been guilty of a yet greater redundancy in mentioning 'happiness' ; for no one who has learned to think can be other than happy. Rest assured then that if the boy comes to me as a pupil he will secure both these advantages and, moreover, the third one that you seem particularly to desire : by mastering a perspicuous and unambiguous prose style he will return home utterly different from his father.

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Again, I teach boys to think for themselves ; but, more important, I teach them *what* to think for themselves, upon all subjects to which thought can profitably and with propriety, be given.

FERGIE

BATES SAHIB

Send your boy to me. Nothing of what you ask will come to pass, but something far better. I will make a man of him. He may not be happy—whatever that means : boys are not sent to school, nor men into the world, to be happy. But he will learn to bear pain without flinching ; to execute duty, however, difficult ; to finish his daily work without fuss or excuses ; and, best of all, to accept, without complaining, the flagrant, the howling, injustice of things as they are. With these will go some scholarship—and common sense. Whether that meets your idea of thinking for himself, I cannot say. It certainly involves thinking for others, especially those over whom a man is set to rule and govern. Which things be a mystery—to you doubtless a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. For I suspect you of being a progressive, a pacifist, a reader of Left-wing weeklies, an opponent of corporal punishment and a crypto-vegetarian. Had you had your schooling under me you would have been diligently chastened with many rods (the brown one, please, Sergeant). You would never have composed your effusion of retrospective self-pity and vicarious cowardice, and I should have saved your soul alive. Let me save your son's before he becomes like unto yourself.

R. J. P. HEWISON

WACKFORD SQUEERS

Having referince to your advertizment in *The Times*, I can without hesitation rekermend my own akademy for the purposes you are asking for. Your son—a little angel, I don't doubt, and neither does Mrs. Squeers—will be as happy as the day is long at Dotheboys Hall. He will be prepared for all the usual examinations, always bearing in mind the needs of a delikate child's helth. Catering is in the expert hands of Mrs. Wackford Squeers and I retain a personal interest in the welfare of each little hopeful entrusted to our care. All the snob akkomplishments, like riding and archery, are included in the curikulum, in proportion to the use they will be later to the dear boys. I shall be under the Clock at Liverpool Street Station at four-thirty next week to collect the latest batch of students myself. You'll know me by the Bible I always carry in London.

COLIN SHAW

HERBERT PEMBROKE

I understand perfectly from your advertisement that you went, probably as a day pupil, to one of our more laxly organised educational foundations. If you send your son to Sawston—as I strongly urge you to do—his happiness is assured : for a father with your admirable views, will not mar the teacher's efforts to create *esprit de corps* by pressing the always fundamentally disruptive claims of the home. Sawston is so organised that the boy (and we) will always know where he is : the happiness of never being left to his own tedious devices will be his. I do not hesitate to interpret the phrase " thinking for himself " as " thinking for the school, and thus learning to think for his country " : you will agree with me, I know, that where the boy is successfully merged into the school, his thought ceases to be sloppily personal.

In short, sir, assure your boy an organised character by sending him to this proud, and relatively ancient, foundation.

EDWARD BLISHEN

DR. SMART-ALECK

As Principal and sole Director of this famous academy (since the Board of Governors gave themselves up), I have pleasure in enclosing our illustrated brochure and scale of fees. There are to be a few changes in the curriculum for next term. Arson no longer comes under hobbies but is a new subject to be taken as an extra with barratry : regular practicals

Company Meeting

BARCLAYS BANK (DOMINION COLONIAL & OVERSEAS)

A TAXATION DANGER

MR. J. S. CROSSLEY'S VIEWS

The 25th ordinary general meeting of Barclays Bank (Dominion, Colonial and Overseas) will be held in London on December 28.

The following is an extract from the statement by the chairman, Mr. J. S. Crossley, circulated with the report and accounts for the year to September 30, 1950:

A striking change to be found in the balance-sheet is the increase in deposits amounting to £41 million. This has taken place mainly in South Africa, where last year a heavy reduction was shown. It was there that the effects of devaluation were perhaps most quickly felt, enabling us to restore much of our former high level of liquidity within the space of a few months. The principal earning assets do not show any remarkable changes, but the increased activity has resulted in slightly larger net earnings. We are proposing a repetition of last year's dividend.

The review of our figures for the year seems to me incomplete without some reference to the question of taxation. Our profit is struck after full provision for taxation has been made. During the five years that have elapsed since the war, we have been paying taxes (on the average) at an annual rate of more than double the annual rate of the five pre-war years.

A Significant Movement

Certain United Kingdom companies, whose business lies mainly overseas, have transferred their domicile in order to reduce their liability to tax. It may safely be assumed that such an important step was taken only after full consideration. The sums involved are substantial, and this trend might well cause anxiety to the authorities, for it suggests that the tax regulations bearing on these matters are not soundly based or are inappropriate to present conditions.

Loss to Exchequer

It is evident that there must be something seriously amiss with a system which has the effect of driving much valuable business beyond the boundaries of the United Kingdom. The loss of revenue likely to arise by adopting a more flexible system is probably not very large and is certainly incomparably less than the loss which the Exchequer may ultimately suffer if we persist on our present course, which would surely jeopardise assets more precious than mere revenue by weakening the strong ties of mutual interest which now exist.

The devaluation issue is not purely a domestic one as sterling is a world currency, which, in spite of its limitation, still forms the basis of exchange for a large part of the trading area of the globe. The devaluation, which was forced upon us a year ago, administered a severe shock to this entire system. Our aim should be to ensure that the underlying strength of the pound becomes such that it can freely take its place in the exchange markets. But this time let us first be sure that it is fit to face the competitive world.

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★

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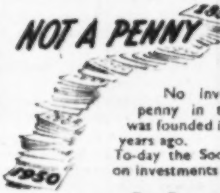

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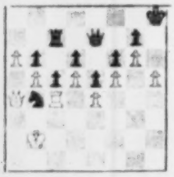
under the guidance of an experienced ex-fire assessor. The philatelic and printing section has had to close its activities owing to the absence of the Science Master, three prefects, and the 6 2d. N.H.I. and Antigua Penny Price blocks. In compensation we are starting new classes in balance sheet tilting, triple bookkeeping, expense-account embroidery and invalid dependent invention. The mid-term lecture will be given by a celebrated alumnus, if at liberty, on the subject "Why pay Purchase Tax?" My very first question to a prospective entrant is: "Do you stick or twist on fifteen?" Your son will soon learn to think for himself! I shall be pleased to receive your remittance for the first years fees in dollars or Swiss francs (Swiss francs preferred) together with a donation to the Bail Fund.

GERALD DAVIS

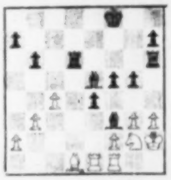
CHESS: The Break Through

No. 62

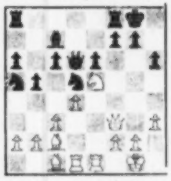
We indulge in a good deal of military jargon, such as counter-attack or flanking manœuvre or outpost, but the chess player's greatest delight is the break-through. Perhaps it appeals to our most primitive fighting instincts to see a seemingly safe position "cracked" by brute force and at reckless cost. The cost, of course, had better not be quite reckless, but if it is justified by results we all like it, particularly if we were breaking through rather than broken through. Here is a position alleged to have occurred in an exhibition game played by Alekhine (White) and Bogoljubov at an Austrian summer resort in 1922. Alekhine sacrificed his Q for the Kt, and after (1) .... P x Q, continued (2) P-R7! The "break - through" is effected, but there was still a lot of play left, as proved by this continuation.



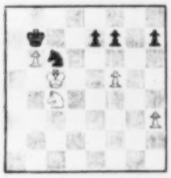
(2)		Q-Q1
(3)	R x R	Q-R1
(4)	K-Kt3	K-Kt1
(5)	K x P	K-B1
(6)	R-KB7 ch	K-Kt1
(7)	K B3	Q-B1 ch
(8)	K-Q2	K-R1
(9)	R-QB7	Q-R1
(10)	K-K3	K-Kt1
(11)	K-B3	K-B1
(12)	K-Kt4	K-Kt1
(13)	P-R6	P x P
(14)	K-R5	K-R1
(15)	R-R7 ch	K-Kt1
(16)	K x P	Q-QB1
(17)	R-QB7 !	Q-KB1 ch
(18)	P-Kt7	Q-R1
(19)	R-K7 !	Q-QB1
(20)	K-Kt6	Q-R1
(21)	R-KB7 !	Q-K1
(22)	P queens	Q x Q
(23)	R-B8 ch	resigns



Readers will have seen various obvious pitfalls that might have meant a draw. Here then Nilsson-Engholm, Malmö 1937, is another pretty (though rather obvious) break-through. Black sacrificed a R and, after K x R, checked with the other R. White had to interpose the Kt and was duly mated by the KtP.



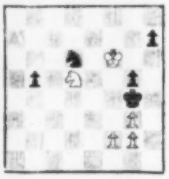
Even more drastic, though hardly less obvious, is the break-through in this position—Kühn-Lenk, 1936—. White played B x RP, whereupon Q-K2 was practically forced. The sequel was (2) B x KtP, K x B. (3) Q-Kt4 ch, K-R3. (4) Kt x KBP ch, Q x Kt. (5) R x KP ch, Kt-B3. (6) Q-R4 ch, K-Kt2. (7) R x Kt ! etc.



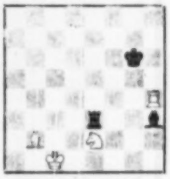
Here, finally, is a less spectacular, but perhaps even more pleasing break-through. It occurred in a game Nielsen-Hansen, Copenhagen, 1940. White played P-B6, and Black obviously cannot take the P, as he would lose his Kt by White's Kt-check on Q6. Hence, Black played P-R3. But now White won by sacrificing his Kt at R5 and "breaking-through" at K7.

In this week's competition A—White to move and win is a rather witty, though fairly easy, study. As for B (also a win for White) I am not so sure if it looks easy: but it certainly isn't.

A: G. M. Kiljakin, 1925



B: W. Vollmer, 1938



Usual prizes. Entries by December 18. Competitors are reminded that the new *ladder competition* starts *next week*.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set November 18

A: He should have played Q-B8.

B: (1) R-KKt7, K-B7, (2) R-Kt2 ch, K-Kt6, (3) R-QR2, K x R, (4) P-R7, etc.

If (1) . . . R-K8, (2) R-Kt1, R x R, (3) P-R7.

C: (1) B-K7, ch, K-Kt5, (2) Q-K4 ch, Q-B5, (3) Q x Q, K x Q, (4) B-Q6 ch, K-Kt4, (5) B-B5, B-B1, (6) P-R7, B-Kt2, (7) K-K5, B-B1, (8) K-Q6, P-B6, (9) K-B7, P-B7, (10) B-K3 ch, any (11) K-Kt8, etc.

If (8) . . . K-B4, (9) K-B7, K-K3, (10) K-Kt8, K-Q2, (11) K x B, K-B1, (12) B-K3, etc.

Some of our crack solvers were stumped by the Gaerths study which is among the most difficult I ever offered. D. E. Cohen of Balliol College, Oxford, earns a very well deserved 1st prize for being the only one to plumb the full depth of the study. Consolation prize for R. W. B. Clarke who got relatively nearest to the gist of that intricate piece.

The question mark after last week's title was, of course, a misprint. It should indeed have been an exclamation mark, for we certainly do want British studies. Competitors have till January 15 to send in their entries.

ASSIAC

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

COMFORTABLE service rooms for business people. H. & c. 2 mins. Holland Park Tube. With breakfast & dinner inclusive, single from 4gns., double 7gns. 15 Clarendon Rd., W.11. Park 4835.

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A CHRISTMAS to remember! Cliftonville's Palm Bay Hotel (licensed) offers comfort, excellent fare and a variety of entertainment. Terms 42s. to 45s. per day. Write or 'phone (Margate 385) for full programme.

BOURNEMOUTH W. Ashdale Priv. Guest House, 23 Beaulieu Road. Tel. Westbourne 61947. 5 mins. sea. All conveniences. Lovely surroundings. Reduced Winter terms, except Xmas. Doubles 4gns., singles 4gns. Prop.: E. H. Bruder.

"ADAIRS," 23 Tisbury Road, Hove, Sussex. Small first-class hotel, 2 mins. from sea, h. & c., gas fires, interior spring divans, attractive lounge, varied and excellent food, all diets studied, every comfort with personal attention. Winter terms, 5 gns single and 10gns. double inclusive, or 12s. 6d. bed, bath and breakfast. Apply Miss Adair or telephone Hove 38557.

THE Old Hope Anchor, Rye, regrets to inform its clients that it must close this winter but will re-open on March 14.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

OXON. You can spend the autumn and winter in warmth and comfort without fear of river mists at Croft House Hotel, Burcot, Oxon. Good food; perfect for a honeymoon. Tel. Clifton Hampden 32.

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TREWORNAN Manor Hotel, nr. Wadebridge, N. Cornwall. 16th Century Manor in 18 acres of lawns and woodlands, adjoining bird sanctuary. Own fishing, shooting. Easy reach St. Enodoc Golf Course. Own farm prod. Terms from 4½gns. Open all the year round.

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BUDE, Cornwall. Hawarden Hotel. Facing South and by the sea. Bathing direct from hotel. Restricted licence. H. & C. in all rooms. Telephone: Bude 147.

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FOR New Year Holidays in Surrey beauty spot. Good food; excellent beds; good fun. "Clutha," Lower Bourne, Farnham. 'Phone: Frensham 293.

AMERSHAM, Bucks. Charming vegetarian or food reform guest house in the Chiltern Hills. Pleasant garden of 2 acres overlooking open country; 5 mins. station; H. & C. all rooms, home-grown fruit and vegetables. Winter vacancy for business couple at special tariff. Mr. & Mrs. Woolfrey, Arolyn, Stanley Hill Avenue, Amersham. Tel.: 1334.

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WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

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WHY not give "The Writer" for Christmas? 18s. 6d. post free for a year or 1s. 6d. each. Contributors for December issue include Lord Dunsany, Fred Urquhart and Eve Orme. Send to The Writer, 10 Great Queen St., London, W.C.2.

"PASTEURISED Milk: A National Menace," 7d.: Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

THE Cambridge Journal—a monthly review of Literature, History, Economics, Philosophy, Politics, etc., edited by Michael Oakeshott, Denis Brogan, C. W. Guillebaud, Michael Postan, Basil Willey and T. F. D. Williams. December issue now ready. Of all booksellers 3s. net (30s. p.a., post free).

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A DELIGHTFUL replica of great grandmama's days—"Hints on Etiquette" (illstd. by Brian Robb), 3s. 6d. Turnstile Press, 10 Gt. Turnstile, W.C.1.

"JOHN Bull's Other Ireland," Tribune's 4th Pamphlet, out to-day, is a damning inditement of the Ulster Tory Government by Geoffrey Bing, K.C., M.P.

JOURNAL of Sex Education, popular-scientific Journal for the sexual enlightenment of adults. 2s. 3d. post free. Annual subscription (6 issues) 10s. 6d. Enquiries with stamped addressed envelope to 36 Devonshire Mews West, W.1. WEL. 7840.

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GERMAN books: Libris, 50 Harben Rd., London, N.W.6. Pri. 6990. Books bought.

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HIS Majesty's Colonial Service, Gold Coast.—A vacancy exists in the Gold Coast for a Special Commissioner, whose principal function will be to preside over certain statutory boards such as the Industrial Development Corporation, the Cocoa Marketing Board, the Agricultural Products Marketing Board and, possibly, the Town and Country Planning Board. He will be responsible to the Gold Coast Government and may be required to undertake special duties in the economic sphere, e.g., in connection with hydro-electric schemes. A high degree of administrative ability and experience combined with a wide range of economic knowledge is required. The appointment will be on contract for a period of five years, terminable on six months' notice by either side. Salary £2,650 (including expatriation pay) with a gratuity at the rate of £37 10s for each completed 3 months' service. Intending applicants should submit brief particulars of age (between 40 and 50 preferred), qualifications and experience to the Director of Recruitment (Colonial Service), Colonial Office, Sanctuary Buildings, Great Smith Street, S.W.1.

UNIVERSITY of Hong Kong.—Applications are invited for the vacant Chair of Education. Emoluments (shown as for married members of the staff normally resident outside Hong Kong or China and inclusive of allowances)—£2,127 × £50—£2,377 p.a. Applicants should have an honours degree of a British University, special academic qualifications in Education, and successful experience in the training of teachers. First-class sea passages are provided for expatriate staff. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from The Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is January 15, 1951.

B.B.C. invites applications from men for the posts of Television Outside Broadcasts Producers, Television Service at Marylebone Road. The successful candidates will be required to devise, investigate, prepare and produce television outside broadcasts of all kinds so that applicants should have wide interests, including sport and every-day events. They must be able to think and act quickly. A good visual sense and a knowledge of camera angles and lenses would be an advantage. Starting salary £925 per annum or £745 per annum (in each case may be higher according to qualifications) rising by annual increments on a five years' progression to £1,195 per annum or £965 per annum respectively. The lower grade will be considered appropriate for candidates without all the required qualifications but there will be prospects of promotion to the higher. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 7 days "Tel. O.B.P. N.Stn." For acknowledgment enclose stamped, addressed envelope.

B.B.C. invites applications for the post of Senior Assistant (Finance) within the Administration Department of the Television Service. Duties include assisting in (a) the forward planning of composite capital and revenue estimates for the Television Service as a whole; (b) the co-ordination and preparation of detailed capital and revenue estimates from information provided by departments in Television, and by other Divisions of the Corporation; (c) control of all expenditure, except expenditure under the direct control of the Engineering Division and the ancillary services; (d) screening and negotiation of contracts from the legal and financial aspects. Salary according to qualifications in a grade rising to a maximum of £965 p.a. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "S.A.F. Television N. Stn." within 7 days. For acknowledgement please enclose s.a.e.

LONDON County Council. Education Inspectorate. Applications are invited for the post of Inspector of Further Education (Woman). Salary £1,000 × £50—£1,300. The duties are to inspect and advise upon all forms of further education (particularly technical education), mainly for girls and women, and to carry out such other duties as may be assigned. Evening work is involved. Candidates should possess high qualifications and preference will be given to those with an intimate knowledge of, but not necessarily practice in, the dress trades. In exceptional circumstances, a candidate may be appointed at a commencing salary above the minimum of the scale. Application forms, obtainable from the Education Officer (EO/Estab. 2), The County Hall, London, S.E.1 (stamped, addressed foolscap envelope necessary), must be returned not later than December 22, 1950. Canvassing disqualifies. (1522)

RUSKIN College, Oxford. Applications are invited for the post of Tutor (man or woman) in Economics and Industrial Relations to be taken up not later than October, 1951. Salary scale £600 × £50—£1,100. F.S.S.U. superannuation scheme. Applications with three referees required by January 30, 1951. Full particulars and form from General Secretary, Ruskin College, Oxford.

WOMAN Social Worker required. Some nursing experience. Residence if desired. Apply in writing, stating experience and age, and also enclose two copies of recent testimonials to The Warden, The Hungerford, 25A Wincott St., S.E.11.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

NORTH-Western Polytechnic, Prince of Wales Rd., Kentish Town, N.W.5. Principal: Jas. G. Docherty, D.Sc., A.M.Inst.C.E., M.I.Mech.E.—Applications are invited for the post of full-time Tutor (woman) in charge of a course of training for House Mothers and House Fathers in Children's Homes. The course, which is held at the above address, is run in conjunction with the Home Office Central Training Council in Child Care. The applicant must have good qualifications and experience in the care of children, and preference will be given to those who have experience in adult education. Salary in accordance with the Burnham (Further Education) Scale, namely, £270 × £12 to a maximum of £444 per annum, plus £60 special allowance, and London allowance, with increments for approved experience and training. Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from the Clerk to the Governors at the above address on receipt of a stamped, addressed envelope, and must be returned within two weeks of the appearance of this advertisement.

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LONDON County Council invites applications for the appointment of a resident Matron at Bradstow Residential School for educationally sub-normal children, Broadstairs, Kent. The Matron will be responsible to the Headmistress for the domestic administration of the school, including catering, and for the general care of the children. Possession of a recognised qualification, such as a diploma in institutional management, is desirable and some knowledge of nursing would be an advantage. Salary £230—£15—£290 a year, plus emoluments of board, lodging and laundry. Send stamped, addressed envelope for application forms and further details to the Education Officer (EO/Estab.6D179), County Hall, London, S.E.1. (1487.)

READING Education Committee. Home-making Centre. Applications are invited for the post of full-time Home-making Centre Organiser. The person appointed will be on the staff of the Reading Technical College, but her work will be mainly in the Home-making Centre at the South Reading Community Centre. Applicants should be qualified to give advice and practical instruction in various aspects of home-making. Domestic Crafts or Social Science experience desirable. Scope will be afforded to develop the work along the informal lines already established. Salary in accordance with the Burnham Technical Scale. Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned to whom applications should be returned not later than December 30, 1950.—P. S. Taylor, Chief Education Officer, Education Office, Blagrave Street, Reading.

WILLESDEN East C.L.P. invites applications for the post of full-time Secretary-Agent. The appointment will be made in consultation with the National Executive Committee in accordance with the National Agreement. Applic. forms can be obtained from Mr. C. G. Forbes, 7 Hamilton Rd., Dollis Hill, N.W.10, to whom they should be returned not later than December 21, 1950.

HIGHLY qualified technical man with Christian Pacifist convictions & progressive outlook, with view to directorship paint & plastics resinous chemical factory, offered house 7 rooms and salary £1/2,000 according to qualifics. & ability. Apply in confidence: Box 9002.

DULWICH College.—Applications are invited from women, who are well qualified shorthand-typists with secretarial experience, for the post of Secretary to The Master. In fixing the commencing salary regard will be had to previous experience of a responsible nature. Duties will commence in January, 1951. Letters of application, stating age, particulars of education and experience, shorthand and typing speeds, together with the names and addresses of two referees should reach The Master, Dulwich College, London, S.E.21, as soon possible.

DOMESTIC help required to live in. Own bed-sit. Pleasant surroundings on Eastern outskirts of London on Central line. Free hand to suitable person, reasonable hours and good wages. Box 9628.

POSTS in Sweden. First-class families seek English companion-helps, cooks, nannies. Write A.B.C. Bureau, 14 Marlborough House, Osnaburgh St., N.W.1. Tel.: EUSton 8110.

COOK Housekeeper required in January for Chelsea Open Air Nursery School, 51 Glebe Place, S.W.3. Main duties: Catering midday meal for 43 children and staff. Salary £156. Resident. School holidays. Apply Superintendent.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

PRINTS. Experienced representatives reqd. for Scotland including North England, London, and Ireland, for leading publisher of high quality colour reproductions. Car essentl. Gteed. income, commission and expenses. Full partics. in confidence to Box 9904.

NORFOLK Education Committee, Child Guidance Service.—Applications are invited for the appointment of a Psychiatric Social Worker. Candidates should hold the Mental Health Certificate of the London or Edinburgh University or equivalent qualification. Salary £370 per annum rising to £530 per annum by annual increments of £20. Previous experience will be taken into account in determining the commencing salary. The successful candidate will be required to pass a medical examination and to contribute in accordance with the provisions of the Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937. Further details and forms of application may be obtained from the undersigned, envelopes should be endorsed "Psychiatric Social Worker." F. Lincoln Ralphs, Acting Chief Education Officer, County Education Office, Stracey Road, Norwich.

RESEARCH Institution in Glasgow reqs. girl, 18-20, for typing, pref. with shorthand & general office work. Some knowledge Russian language or willingness to learn essential. 6 weeks' holiday p.a. Gd. prospects for exceptional ability. Starting salary £200-£275 according to age & qualift. Box 1.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

EXECUTIVE of well-known book publishing firm with 15 years of editorial, trade and publicity experience and wide connections, desires publishing or literary post. Box 33.

INTERESTING post wanted by educated woman, 33, good appearance, cheerful. Admin., executive & secretarial experience. Efficient office manager. Able to handle staff. Willing to travel. Own car. Box 9884.

EDCTD. German girl, 24, sks. post-nanny or cook, London. Exc. refs. from previous stay. Speaks English & French.—Schweizer, Riegelsberg Bu Str 30, Saar.

EX-R.A.F. officer and graduate wife, early thirties, want to work together. Interested interior design, pottery, cooking, but other suggestions welcomed. Box 9627.

TYPOGRAPHER, layout artist. London Matric., 3 years' art training, sound practical experience, seeks position where opportunities for design occur. Box 9818.

YOUNG lady seeks cultural work, where extensive knowledge music, wide secretarial and some admin. experience will be used to advantage. Highest refs. Box 9041.

PERSONAL

ACCOMMODATION urgently needed for small gymnasium for children, studio or big room, with/without living accomm. Can anybody help me? Box 9709.

HAMPSTEAD: 2 bedrm. flat to let for 3 wks. from Dec 16. Fully furn. 2 cots. 5½gns. p.w. inclusive. Box 9837.

FRENCH family (teacher), daughter 8½, son 3½, now resident in England, would like to spend part Xmas holidays in English home. Suggestions welcomed. Box 9992.

WINE Tokens for Xmas. Laytons Wine Merchants, 2a Duke St., Manchester Square, W.1. WEL. 1864. Write for list.

STUDIO Theatre to be let. Lectures, rehearsals, performances. Box 8943.

HALL with stage for hire, Leicester Sq. WHI 3678. Plays, mtgs., socials, dances.

SWEDISH Massage & Gymnastics (original method). Patients visited. Reas. fees. Mrs. K. Ralph, M. Phys. A., 125 Queensway, W.2. BAY. 8693 (7-9 a.m. & p.m.) by appntmnt.

STATE Registered Nurse offers hospitality with extra care for the aged or for those in need of convalescence, in an exceptionally beautiful house. Central heating. Telephones. Garden. Hampstead 2282.

THE House on the Hill, day nursery and kindergarten. 5 Netherall Gardens, Hampstead, N.W.3. Ham. 1662. Full particulars from the Principals.

LESSONS in harmony, counterpoint and piano for beginners. Sheila Robertson, pupil of Nadia Boulanger, 106 Beaufort St., S.W.3. FLAxman 6310.

F. KRAMER gives lessons in Portrait Painting. Flat C, 93 Greencroft Gds., N.W.6.

PITMAN'S shorthand. Private tuition. No classes. Afternoons or evenings. Beginners or speed. PAD 6929.

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BETTER than a rest-cure is a course of nerve manipulation. A therapy of proved value in conditions of fatigue, nervous tension and physical debility. A reintegrating treatment, stimulating and invigorating. Mr. Stephen, 1 Bentinck St., London, W.1. Tel. WEL. 9600.

PERSONAL—continued

MODERN Christmas Cards: seasonable designs in clean, modern idiom by Czech artist Eliz. Braun. Straightforward greetings. 12—5s. 6d. (post free). Sample 6d. Modart, 16 Lune St., Preston, Lancs.

PUPPET Plays for Christmas Parties. Children will love Hansel and Gretel, and adventures of Brumas. Enq. Louise Hutton, 16a Harben Rd., N.W.6. PRI. 9857.

AN apprehensive approach to the camera is quickly dispelled by John Vickers, whose technique is adaptable to Portraits required for Private or Professional use. An appointment is essential. John Vickers, A.I.B.P., 29B, Belgrave Rd., S.W.1. VIC. 4915.

INFORMATION Bulletins, Journals of Societies or Institutions: consultant editor & designer will undertake presentation, layout and finalization of text for printer. Mod. fees. Enquiries invited from Embassies, literary, social & industrial bodies. Box 9268.

SHORT Story Writing. Send 2½d. for "Stories that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and prospectus of world-famous course. Regent Institute (B/191), Palace Gate, W.8.

STOKE House Crafts Centre, nr. Bletchley (Tel. 127). Facilities for pottery, wood and soft stone carving, weaving, etc. Fixed courses in Special Crafts week-end to one month, and in General Crafts 13 weeks to one year, will begin early 1951.

DAM that draught with Atomic Strip. Details: Atomic Services (77), 15 Maiden Lane, Strand, W.C.2.

VERSES to order for (almost) any occasion. Moderate charges. Allan M. Laing, 19 Wavertree Nook Rd., Liverpool, 15.

CHRISTMAS house parties in London, the country, and by the sea. Pleasant company and attractive programme of entertainment, dancing, etc. Write/'phone: Josephine Hall, 324/5 High Holborn. HOL. 5831/CHA. 5831.

WHAT shall I do for Christmas? Come to Paris with my small friendly party and enjoy yourself. Cost from London only £19 15s. incl. tours and theatre. John Lamming, Allways, 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2. Tra. 2781.

COME and spend Christmas with us at Menton, in Europe's warmest, sunniest winter climate. Private villa, sea 3 minutes' walk, Italy 15. Box 9293.

XMAS in Paris. A few can still join my party staying in Latin Quarter. Dec. 23-26: £10 18s., Dec. 23-31: £15. Prices incl. fare and full pension. Partics. from Mrs. Robertson, 61 Fellows Rd., N.W.3. PRI 1370. Also individual exch. or P.G. arrangements.

A FEW vacancies in party travelling London to Innsbruck, December 23-January 7. Box 9945.

CHRISTMAS and New Year: eat, drink and be merry in good company! A house-party of young professional people will welcome you at a country house in Seaford, Sussex, or near Windsor. Also winter sports party to Austria. Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, Kensington, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

FRENCH Riviera 10 days' holiday for £24 10s. from London includes coach travel Grenoble to Nice across the Alps and Nice to Marseilles along Mediterranean coast, 7 days' full board in Nice and all meals en route. Write, call/phone, now for details: Contours, Ltd. 72 Newman St. W.1. MUS. 8499 & 6463.

WINTER Sports Christmas Holiday in Switzerland for adults, students, and teen-age children. Prices, including escort, hotel & ski-instruction, etc., from £24 10s. C. Rackett, 8 South Drive, Middleton-on-Sea, Sussex. Tel. 2812.

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: German Classics—Goethe 15 volumes £5, Shakespeare 6 volumes £3, Schiller 6 volumes £2, Lessing 5 volumes 30s., Heine 9 volumes £3, Schnitzler 7 volumes £3 10s., Scheffel 3 volumes 20s.—or £15 lot; Encyclopædia Britannica, 14th edition, 24 volumes, cloth—buyer to collect from Harpenden; Shaw's Collected Plays, "Daily Herald" edition, offers; Encyclopædia Britannica 1947, best offer, new, Penguin "New Writing," complete set, offers; 60 War Drawings, Muirhead Bone, 1918, offers; Steel Ski Sticks, as new, 45s.; Unworn superbly tailored Tails and Dinner Jacket with all accessories and Morning Suit, also slightly worn lounge suits and ski-ing trousers, all at half cost price: size 38in., 34in. and leg 29in.; Rare Chinese collection for £250—contents Chinese reception room including Blackwood cocktail cabinet 5ft. by 22in. wide, with thirty-nine choice collector's pieces, two oil paintings by J. F. Herring, Snr.; 5ft. 3in. Blüthner, £140; two reconstructed typewriters, Royal and L.C. Smith.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS (Tem. 3334). Last 2 days at 5 & 8. "Preserving Mr. Panmure." Dec. 13 & Evgs. 7. "Lady Precious Stream." Mems.

PLAYERS' Theatre, Villiers St., W.C.2, presents "Late Joys" and "Ali Baba," Mon. and Tues., 8 p.m., Wed. to Sat. 9 p.m. Members. Tel.: TRA. 1134.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Herb Tank's "Longitude 49." Weds. to Suns., 7.30, until Dec. 31. Ass. Mem. 2*s.* 6*d.* Adults only.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Preston Sturges Season. From Dec. 7: "Hail the Conquering Hero" (A). From Dec. 11: "The Lady Eve" (U). From Dec. 14: "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek" (A).

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 4244. Dec. 10, 7.30, "Retour A La Vie" (A) (French).

"MICHURIN," new Soviet colour film premiere, Scala Theatre, London, W.1. Mon., Dec. 18, 7.30 p.m. Res. tickets 1*s.* 6*d.*, 2*s.*, 3*s.*, 4*s.*, from B.S.F.S., 36 Spencer St., E.C.1. Book early.

LONDON Symphony Orchestra. This Sun. at 3, Royal Albert Hall. Cond., Basil Cameron. Soloists: Clifford Curzon, Gwynne Edwards, Willem de Mont. Mozart-Strauss Prog. 2*s.*, 3*s.* 6*d.*, 5*s.*, 7*s.* 6*d.* Ken. 8212 and agents (Mgt. Harold Holt, Ltd.), presented by London Symphony Orchestra, Ltd. (in assn. A.C.G.T.B.).

LONDON Contemporary Music Centre. R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., Pall Mall, S.W.1. Tues. next, at 7.30. Arnold Cooke: Quartet for Oboe and Strings; Busoni: Sonatina for Piano; Roberto Gerhard: Viola Sonata; Racine Fricker: Violin Sonata; Poulenc: Trio for Oboe, Bassoon and Piano. Leon Goossens, Archie Camden, Maria Lidka, Margaret Kitchin, Anatole Mines, Norman Greenwood, The Carter String Trio. 5*s.* at R.B.A. Galleries & Chappell's.

SOUTH Place Sunday Concerts, Dec. 10, 6.30. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn. New London String Quartet. Frank Osborn. Mozart in C, K.465; Bloch "Night"; Wolf Italian Serenade St. Qts. Beethoven E, Op. 109, Piano Sonata. Dvorak Piano Quintet. Adm. 1*s.*

CHURCH of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Fri., Dec. 15, at 7.30 p.m. Christmas Music—Motets, etc., by William Byrd, Benjamin Britten's "A Boy Was Born," Carols and Organ Solos. John Churchill (organ). The combined Choirs of Loughton High School for Girls and Bancroft's Boys' School. Adm. free. Programme 2*s.*

THE Singing Boys of the St. Mary-of-the-Angels Song School will present a Recital of Seasonal Music for St. Marylebone Public Libraries, at Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, Marble Arch, on Thursday, Dec. 14, at 8 p.m. Admission free.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Sun., Dec. 10, 8 p.m. Violin & Piano Recital by Rosemary Rapaport and Ilse Cross (Mendelssohn, Schoenberg, Grosz). Non-mems. 1*s.*

ALAN Bush 50th Birthday Concert: December 15 at 7.30. Max Rostal, Anna Pollak, Ethel Lyon, W.M.A. Singers. Excerpts "Wat Tyler": at the piano, the Composer. Tickets 5*s.*, 3*s.* 6*d.*, and 2*s.* 6*d.* W.M.A., 17 Bishops Bridge Rd., W.2. PAD. 8670.

ST. Marylebone Parish Church, W.1. Sat., Dec. 16, at 3 p.m. The Renaissance Singers. Directed by Michael Howard. Works by Gibbons, Byrd, Tallis, etc.

67th Concert of French Music. Wigmore Hall, Fri., Dec. 15, at 7. Works by: Couperin, Ravel, Roussel, Gounod and Milhaud. Suzanne Danco (Soprano), Leighton Lucas Orchestra. Cond.: Leighton Lucas. 10*s.*, 7*s.* 6*d.*, 5*s.*, 2*s.* 6*d.* Hall and usual Agents.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society Annual Dinner & Dance, Fri., Dec. 15, 7 p.m. N.T.U. Club. Guest of Honour: Ritchie Calder. Visitors welcome. Tickets: 8*s.* from Miss Rafferty, 6 Willoughby Rd., N.W.3.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Sat., Dec. 9. Dance-Social, 8-11 p.m. Band. Adm. 2*s.* 6*d.* mems., 3*s.* 6*d.* friends. Refreshments incl.

PLAYREADING: "Signal Green," new Soviet play. Cast includes Catherine Salkeld, Betty Linton, Peter Copley, Alex McCrindle. Sun., Dec. 10, 3.30. S.C.R. Theatre Section, 14 Kensington Sq., W.8 (behind Barkers). 2*s.* (members and students 1*s.*).

EXHIBITIONS

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. New Paintings by Robert Colquhoun. Daily 10-5.30.

PICTURES for Presents. Early & Modern Paintings and Watercolours. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

TOOTH'S: Recent Acquisitions V, including Constable's Study for "The Lock" and Paintings by Gainsborough, Wilson, Delacroix, Manet, Corot, Utrillo, etc., Daily 9.30-6, Sat. 9.30-1. 31 Bruton St., W.1.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Ceramic Figurines by Audrey Blackman; Pottery by Lucie Rie.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent paintings by Denis Williams and pen-and-ink drawings by "Scottie Wilson," also Aeply Replicas of Manet, Monet, Pissaro, Renoir, etc.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

ROYAL Society of British Artists, R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., S.W.1. Winter Exhibition Oils, Water Colours, Drawings, Sculpture. 10-5. Exc. Sun.

MARLBOROUGH, 17/18 Old Bond St., W.1. French Masters—Third Series—Courbet, Degas, Matisse, Picasso, Renoir, etc. Daily 10-5.30. Sat. 10-1.

ASIAN Institute, 17 Irving St., Leicester Sq. Collection of Paintings by Asian Artists in London. Chinese and Indian Christmas cards. Until December 23.

ARCADE Gallery. Italian pictures of the Baroque and Rococo. Dec. 5-31. 15 Royal Arcade, 28 Old Bond St.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, London, W.1. A Cross-section of Drawings and Watercolours.

PICASSO in Provence. Arts Council Exhibition, New Burlington Galls., Old Burlington St. Open till Dec. 16. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6. Tues., Thurs. 10-8. 1*s.*

BRIGHTON: The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Open daily including Sundays, 10-5.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George St., W.1. First Exhibition in England of the paintings of Orneore Metelli, the Shoemaker of Terni (1872-1938). Also Les Equilibristes by Anna Mayerson, and Toiles Brodées by Frances Richards.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

LUNCH Hour Talks on Special Yoga Teaching. Tuesdays, 1 p.m., Caxton Hall, S.W. Dec. 12: Spiritual Schools. Re-opening Jan. 2: Aim of Mind Control.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Wed., Dec. 13, 7.30 p.m. N.T.U. Club, 12 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2. Kingsley Martin on "Bernard Shaw." Adm. 1*s.* 6*d.*

MRS. Hannah Closs will speak on "The Albigenses' Search for Truth and Freedom and what it means to us to-day." Dec. 15 at 17 Great Cumberland Place, Marble Arch, 8.15 p.m. All welcome.

NEW Renascence School, 20 Rutland Gate, Knightsbridge, S.W.7. Public Talk, Th., Dec. 14, 6.30 p.m. "From Isolation to Integration," by R. H. Ward. Open to non-mems.

"PEACE Depends On The People." Public meeting Hampstead Town Hall, N.W.3, Mon., Dec. 11, at 8 p.m. Speaker: George Matthews. Hampstead C.P.

EGYPTIAN Education Bureau: 4 Chesterfield Gardens, Curzon St., W.1. Kingsley Martin on "Bernard Shaw," 6 p.m., Thursday, December 14.

THE Italian Institute, 39 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1. "Napoleon and Italy," a lecture in English by Prof. A. Passerin d'Entrèves, Serena Professor of Italian Studies, Oxford, Wed., Dec. 13, at 6.30. Entrance free.

MR. G. Tyrrell lectures on "Grades of Significance" in Room 15, Caxton Hall, Mon., Dec. 11. Yng. people esp. welc.

IRIS Morley on "The Creative Artist in Soviet Society." Tues., Dec. 12, 7.30. S.C.R. Writers' Group, 14 Kensington Sq., W.8 (behind Barkers). **1*s.* 6*d.*** (members **1*s.***).

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Tues., Dec. 12, 8 p.m. "Significance of Matisse in Modern Art." Ill. talk by Irene Holzer. For yngr. people. Non-mems. 1*s.*

"TOWARDS a Better World." A lecture will be given by E. M. Price-Holmes, M.A., for St. Marylebone Public Libraries, at Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Pl., Marble Arch, on Mon., Dec. 11, at 8 p.m. Adm. Free.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. Dec. 16 at 6 p.m. Mme. Marie-Madeleine Davy: "La Femme dans la littérature française contemporaine."

PERSONALIST Group. J. B. Coates on "American Personalism." Conway Hall, Thurs., Dec. 14, at 7.45 p.m.

CONWAY Discussion Circle. South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesday evenings, at 7 p.m. Dec. 12, H. J. Blackham, B.A.: "Humanism as a Way of Life." Adm. free. Collection.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday mornings at 11 a.m. Dec. 10. S. K. Ratcliffe: "The Year in America." Adm. free.

NATIONAL T.U. Club, Dec. 16, at 2.30. W.M.A. Xmas Bazaar—gift bargains: Adm. 3*d.* At 7, Xmas Party: Adm. 1*s.* 12 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2.

A BAZAAR you should not miss! British-Soviet Friendship Society invites you Fri., Dec. 8 (2.30-9 p.m.) and Sat., Dec. 9 (10 a.m.-4.30). Holborn Hall, Grays Inn Rd., W.C.1.

GREECE: John Sofianopoulos (Greek Democratic Alliance), Geoffrey Bing, M.P., Harold Davies, M.P. Central Hall, Westminster, S.W.1 (St. James's Park U.G.), 7 p.m., Monday, December 11, 1950. Tckts. 6*d.* at the door or from Union of Democratic Control, 32 Victoria St., London, S.W.1. ABBey 3770.

THEOSOPHY, Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welc. December 10: Heaven and Hell.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

SUNDAY, Dec. 10. Film Show. Michael Scott's famous film "Civilization on Trial in S. Africa." Public Meetings at 7.30, adm. free. T.U. Club, Central House, Gt. Newport St., W.C.1. London Anarchist Group.

BUDDHIST Society, 106 Gt. Russell St. Public lecture, Wed., Dec. 13, 6.30. "The Yoga of Buddhism." Mr. C. Moore.

ARITHMETICAL Demonstration "Seven Roots at a Glance." Extraordinary exhibition of mental calculation by Shakuntala Devi. Thurs., Dec. 14, 7 p.m. Asian Institute, 17 Irving St., Leic. Sq. WHI. 3678. Mems. 2*s.* 6*d.*, guests 3*s.* 6*d.*

KENSINGTON Fabian Society. Discussion Group meeting on Monday, Dec. 11, 8 p.m. at Abingdon Arms, Abingdon Rd., W.8. Prof. Kuin on "Wages Policy in Holland." Further details of Society from Sec., Flat 10, 72 Kensington Park Rd., W.11.

FOR those who are interested in a deeper understanding of Life and World Trends, W. J. Stein lectures every Saturday at 3 p.m. in Kingsway Hall.

THE Progressive Business Men's Forum. "Democracy in Britain To-day." Discussion between Benn Levy and Miss Dora Russell. Thurs., Dec. 14, 7.30. Heal's Restnt., 196 Tott. Crt. Rd., W.1. Visitors 3*s.* 6*d.*

HOW can we stop the drift to war? Geoffrey Goodwin, Vice-Chairman, Executive Committee U.N.A., on "Keeping the Peace." Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. 7 p.m. Mon., Dec. 11. Arranged by the Ethical Union.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

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MAYFAIR Secretarial College, 57 Duke St., W.1, and Park Lane, W.1, provides training for High Grade Secretarial Posts. New courses commencing January 15.

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Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1923. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by The Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1; Published Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.